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Torch-Lights AND STEPPING STONES

**From Slavery
To Self Government**

By N. D. WHITE



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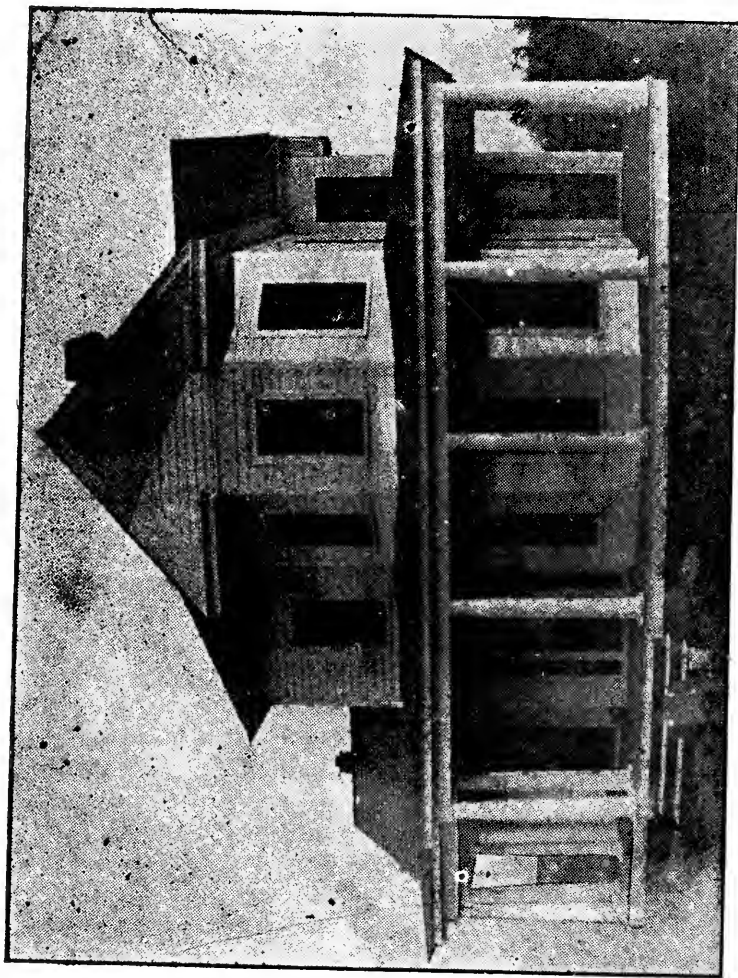
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J. D. White's Residence, in Clinton, N.C. Built in 1914. Drew plan himself.

Torch-Lights And Stepping-Stones

**From Slavery
To Self-Government**

**Waking up, And
Inspiring Poetry, And Orations
To Solve
The Race Problem**

COMPRISING

Powerful speeches;

showing how the race-problem must be solved.

Poems on Roosevelt, The World-War, Johnson, and Roberts,

Haywood's Black Regiment; The Mutability Of Nations,

The Gods In Council On The Negro's Future, Books,

Alpha School, Strong University, Higher Education,

Women's Rights, Why The Colored Race Is Down,

The Champions Of Freedom, The Civil War.

Poetry On Our Famous Colored Men, And Women;

Sweet, And Pleasing Sentimental Poetry On Our Pretty Girls;

Business, Professional, And Political Poetry For The Young



By N.D.White

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

I taught school seven years. Graduated in Optometry, and became an eye-sight specialist in 1906. Finished law, and passed North Carolina bar examination, and received license to practice law in 1912; since which time I have been engaged in successful practice, and have won many important cases. Have received many compliments for skill, and ability in trying cases, in the several courts. Was commissioned a Notary Public by Governor Bickett in 1919.

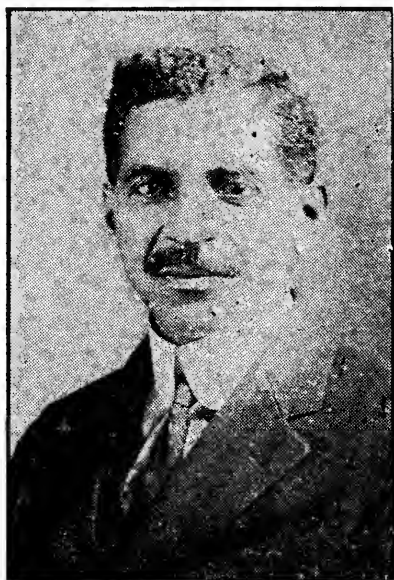
I have long seen, that the South has two race-problems, instead of one; which are, the white man's Negro problem, of keeping the colored people in virtual slavery, by denying them political privileges; and giving them very little learning; and the Negro's white man problem; which is to come out from under class despotism, and enjoy their constitutional rights in defiance of their efforts to prevent it. But, since they have the control of the government, and the educational funds, you can never prevent them from keeping the masses in servitude, and dominating over the race, so long as we remain here; so the only solution of our problem, is emigration.

I will have to ask my readers to kindly judge the value of this book, by the intrinsic worth of the matter itself, and to overlook technical errors, and mistakes, of which they will find not a few; caused both from the fact that I am only an amateur in the arts of writing, and printing; and the only time I have had to devote to it was of nights, and such spare moments that I have been able to snatch from my work during the day.

The task has been a most tedious, and tiresome one but I have been encouraged, and sustained in my effort to finish it, by the assurance of many friends, that it would surpass all other books yet written for the benefit of the race, and solve the race-problem.

It consists of a series of new, and original master pieces of eloquence, and poetry on the race: that make splendid recitations for schools, and lyceums.

Very Truly Yours N.D. White



N.D. White,
Lawyer, Notary Public, Orator,
Poet, Eye-Sight Specialist



We Must Emigrate



HERE is nothing, which Afro-Americans more desire, than civil, and political liberty. There is nothing for which we have a more deep, and sincere yearning, than to enjoy equal rights, and privileges with all others, in this land of the free, and home of the brave. under our just, and liberal constitution, which is so framed as to promote the general wellfare, and happiness of all and to afford to every individual under its jurisdiction the privilege of attaining to the highest perfection of character, culture, and usefulness of which human-nature is capable; and the aspiration to achieve them is most honorable; the ambition to enjoy them, most laudable; and well directed efforts to achieve them are most commendable. But, unless we take the light of history for our guide, we will wander indefinitely, in a complex labyrinth of doubt, and confusion, and spend time, money, and energy to no avail; and the solid South will continue to mob, murder, and disfranchise us with impunity.

Hundreds of news papers, and magazines are being published to assist in achieving equal rights for the race. Hundreds of books are in circulation, offering as many theories for the solution of the Negro problem. Hundreds of societies have been formed, having for their object the winning of equal rights, politically civilly, and industrially; but they go no further than to assert rights, deplore abuses, and present petitions to presidents, governors, and legislatures, for redress of grievances, which always have, and always will end in failure, and disappointment.

If there is one thing, which, more than any other, the histories of all civilized nations, since the dawn of chronology, proves beyond a shadow of doubt, it is, that, no people, living under class despotism, ever achieved equal political rights, and privileges unless by war, or by emigration. They, either as pioneers, braved the hardships of the wilderness, or as patriots, they braved the horrors of war.

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Now, in view of the fact, that the white people of this country greatly outnumber the colored, and surpass them in culture, and equipment, almost as much as in numbers; since they have the control of the military, and naval forces, and all the forts, the arsenals, and the armories: it is clearly seen, and acknowledged by all, that we cannot hope to win equal political privileges here, by force of arms, and that a general war between the races would result in the annihilation of our people. There can be no doubt that the only alternative left to us here in the South, is to emigrate to Mexico, South America, or to Liberia, where color hatred does not exist and where all have equal opportunities to vote; help make laws and administer the government; or continue to groan and howl here in slavery, under the gawling yoke of democratic despotism; having to pay taxes to support a government in which we have no voice, and which is being used to our injury: having to pay for the maintenance of white military companies in all the Southern states, provide them with arms, and other equipments, for no other purpose than to slaughter us and to keep us in subjection; while we are not allowed to organize such companies: to spend our money to provide state universities for white children, prepare them to be statesmen, and rulers, while they give to colored children, only enough education to make them good slaves. We have to give up our money as taxes to pave the streets, build side walks, construct water works, and electric lights, in that part of all the Southern towns, and cities monopolised by the whites and from which colored people are segregated, and literally robbed of their means, while their streets, and side walks remain unimproved. You are not free! You are not free! You are not free! You all are like dogs chained to stakes. It makes no difference who you are; so long as other men stand a head of you, and mark out your destiny, and the destiny of your wives and children, you are slaves. You are like birds shut

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up in gilded cages. It makes no difference how fine your house may be, so long as you are denied here the rights, and privileges enjoyed by other men, you are slaves. You colored men, and women, dressed in your fine suits of clothes, and dresses, and with your gold watches, chains, and bracelets, are like the white man's horses, draped in harnesses adorned with gold and silver ornaments. It makes no difference how fine you dress, so long as you have no voice in the law, and are compelled to submit to whatever the white man chooses to put upon you; you are nothing but his slaves- his beasts of burden, and you are pulling him and his people along.

Any one, who contends that the race problem can be solved in any other way except by emigration, that person is either too ignorant to understand all the various phases of the problem, or is too selfish, and coward to admit the truth when known. Both the Booker Washington theory, of solving the problem by elevating our economic status through industrial education; and the Dubois theory of solving it by publishing, and denouncing wrongs; and petitioning governmental authorities for redress of grievances, are refuted by the testimony of universal history, and by the opinions of statesmen, and philosophers of all ages. They have been on trial in this country for more than thirty years, and the race is further to day from achieving its political privileges in the South than ever before. Both of these theories are based on the rather childish, and groundless hope, that soon the solid South will, by such means, be induced to abandon her tradition that colored people are their inferiors; abolish her custom of dominating over them and lay aside her policy of keeping them in slavery by denying them political privileges, voluntarily give up her absolute political power over them, power they were forced to yield after four years of civil war, and which they have gained back by election frauds, and fortified themselves to retain, by disfranchising, jim-

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crowding, and segregating colored people; and concede to them all constitutional privileges. To do so would be to scuttle the ship in which they are sailing. No one who is familiar with the history of nations, and knows human nature, will entertain such a belief for a moment. You had as well tell tigers to tamely turn from their prey, as to intreat tyrants to relinquish political power. You had as well try to coax the sun to reverse his course in the heavens, as to try to move the solid south to sacrifice the smallest portion of her political control, by petitions. As sure as hell is hell always, and unchangable, the solid south is fixed, and unalterable in her determination to keep the colored people in servitude as long as they remain within her borders. No, my good friends, there is nothing which men persue more relentlessly, and persistently when once tasted, than pecuniary, and political advantages over their fellow men. There is nothing to which men adhere more tenaciously, and relinquish more reluctantly, when once acquired than absolute political power, and dominion over other men. They shut their eyes to the needs, and sufferings of those they oppress: they stop their ears to their complaints, and intreaties: they spurn, and reject their petitions for the redress of grievances, with contempt, scorn, and insult. The more eagerly you press your claim to equal rights, and privileges, the more insolent, and arrogant they become; and the more eagerly they resort to schemes to increase their power over you. King John persistently, and obstanately refused to sign, and ratify Magna Charter, and so to set free his English subjects, until thirty barons rushed upon him with drawn swords, and forced him, at the peril of his life to sign the immortal document. George, III, dismissed with haughty disdain, disgust, and contempt, every application, and petition made by his loyal subjects in America to obtain from him the privileges due them as Englishmen, until the Continental Congress declared war. The French revolution gave

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political equality to all people in that nation, and created a burning zeal for freedom, and self government among the comon people of all Europe; but this growing ambition for self-government was sought to have been extinguished by the delusion of the Holy empire, that was formed at Vienna, between Francis of Austria, Alexander of Rusia, Frederick William of Germany, and King Ferdinan of Spain, who, while promising to govern their people by the rules of justice and righteousness, laid down in the holy scriptures, were proceeding to retard the progress of freedom by muzzling the printing press, gagging the universities and prohibiting freedom of speech. But the people detected the fraud: precipitated war in every state, forced them to repeal the drastic measures, and won equal rights by the sword. Tarquin of Rome disfranchised the comon people, and abolished the national assembly in which they took part in the government. It was then that the people, led on by Brutus, overthrew the kingdom; established the republic, and drove the insolent Tarquins out of Rome.

Those who hold to the belief that equal political privileges can be wrested from the dominant race by mild, and gradual means, are laboring under a most vain, and empty delusion. Governors of the Southern states say they are powerless to protect their colored population from being murdered, and burned by mobs: yet they say that the white people of the South are unalterably determined to keep the reins of the government in their own hands. In other words, to keep you in the most cruel, and shameful slavery. But they will not dominate over you much longer. You are too intelligent, too progressive, and too brave to continue to live in this slaughter house of mob despotism. We are a bold, active, and liberty loving people: and we had rather die the death of heroes battling to retain what rights we have, and to regain those that have been taken from us, than to groan at a most shameful, and miserable existence here

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in the South, with no protection for life, liberty, and property, and with no hope of achieving anything noble, anything great, anything grand; and go down to the vile dust, from whence we sprung; unwept, un honored, and unsung. Coming events cast long shadows before them. Though no race man has yet taken the initiative, and made himself a hero, by solving the race problem, it can be clearly seen that the colored people are slowly, and surely solving the problem for themselves: not by bloody revolutions, that would result in disaster, and ruin, but by emigration.

Some have gon to the republics of Mexico, Central, and South America: countries in which the colored races far outnumber the white; wher color is no crime, and where merit is the passport to honor, and preferment in the national, state, and municipal governments and where there are hundreds of thousands of wealthy colored farmers, business and, professional men, and many colored men holding high offices in the various departments of the government. Some have gon to San Domingo, and some to Liberia; where they don't allow white men to vote, and hold public offices, and where all government officials are colored, and all are contented, and happy, in these lands of peace, and plenty, whose fertile soil produces spontaneously, every known variety of flower, fruit, and vegitable that is pleasing to the eye, and pleasant to the taste. Some have organized, and built up towns, and cities of their own in this country, among which are Mounbayou Mississippi, Boley Oklahoma. and Buxton Iowa; in which they live under their own government. They have all the modern city improvements, and are very progressive. Several hundred thousands, from all the Southern states, where their rights are not respected; their lives, and property not protected. have migrated to Northern cities, and are getting high wages, and enjoying all the rights of citizenship, among the people who fought for their freedom.

The race can never amount to anything under the

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heel of the white man. A plant that grows from under a stone is weak, deformed, and good for nothing.

It is degrading to character, and inconsistent with the development of that manly integrity, worth, and chivalry, that lead men to challenge the wrong, and uphold the right, at all times; qualities essential to true greatness, and nobility; to live here among the whites, all of whom, both high, and low, habitually assume an air of haughtiness, and superiority over even the most refined, and accomplished colored people, and exact from them that deference, and homage due to superiors: and, like a man, carrying a torch light in a powder house, who must be timid, and cautious to not drop a spark, that would ignite the powder, and blow him into eternity; so these colored men of mark, though it is a most humiliating thing, do cowardly, and shamefully condescend to adapt themselves to the custom of being treated as inferiors, in order to prevent riots, and bloodshed from non compliance.

We need that freedom, and equality, which we can only obtain by emigration. The sky only, should mark the height of our earthly achievements; and human nature should be the amplitude of our improvement.

It has been demonstrated that, several small tadpoles: all the same size, placed in jars of water, all of different sizes, and allowed to live, and grow in them a few days, will be found to have grown, some large, some small, in proportion to the sizes of the jars of water that contain them; the one in the smallest jar, being smallest, and the one in the largest jar, being the largest. The same principle holds good with races of men: in places where their chances are small, their achievements are few, and unimportant: but where they have great opportunities, they accomplish great things.

Since it is now evident, that the race problem must be solved by emigration, it should be done unanimously, it should be done discretely, it should be done wisely.

We must form an emigration society; have clubs

organized all over the country; have these clubbs send delegates to a national covention, which will appoint committees to find sutible territory where we can all emigrate, and found a Negro state: and into it, carry our wealth, our skill, and our enterprise; and where laws will be made, and administered by colored men; and every worthy, and accomplished colored man will have an equal chance to win the highest offices, and and all the honors, and rewards of government. In union there is strength. In co-operation there is success progress; and prosperity. In association, there is mutual encouragement, mutual helpfulness, and happiness.

What Will You Do TO ACHIEVE EQUAL RIGHTS?

THE subject of this discourse suggests the horrors, and brutalities the colored race is suffering, under the bloody reign of mob-despotism, here in the solid white supremacy South; where, to keep colored people down, is deemed an indispensible duty: to insult, and humiliate coloed people, is esteemed polite manners: to murder colored people, is admired, and praised as an honorable accomplishment: to burn colored people to stakes, is enjoyed as a popular banquet: conditions which plainly show that, in all the Southern states, the lives, liberty, and property of colored citizens in the Southern states, are as much subject to the arbitrary will of Southern pro-slavery democrats, as they were before the first gun of the civil war was fired, in the battle of Sumter: before Lincoln read the immortal emancipation proclamation: and before Lee, and his Confederate soldiers, surrendered to general Grant at Apomatox. In reply to the question, what will you do to achieve equal riuhths? you may answer, what can I do? This question, hundreds of would-be race leade:s have attempted to answer for you, by advocating many, absurd theories for the solution of the race problem. These so-called race leaders, are divided into two great factions; viz, the deciples of Booker Washington, who are short sighted, and narrow minded enough to tell the people to abandon their coustitutional rights, and

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privileges; let white people make, and enforce any kind of laws over them they chose to make, and enforce, be those laws just, or unjust; good laws, or bad: not protest against being disfranchised, segregated, and killed, but to get industrial education, and accumulate wealth, which advice is as inconsistent, foolish, and absurd as to tell a man whose house is on fire, not to move out nor to extinguish the flames but to build another story on the burning mass: which would only feed the hungry flames, and produce a greater conflagration: and the Dubois adherents; who seem to think that equal rights can be achieved by petitioning the solid South to mitigate its rigor, and relinquish a portion of its political power. The solid South is as deaf, and indifferent to these petitions, and intreaties, as the angry fire that preys upon the burning building. Those of the dominant element, will not concede to you equal rights with themselves; simply from being told that it is just; that it is right; that it is best for all concerned; though you should support your contention with every principle of law, philosophy, and ethics, within the circle of knowledge. Men will not divide political power with you for the asking; though you address to them most learned, and eloquent petitions. The iron, made liquid, and fusible, by the melting heat of the cupolo, amounts to nothing, until it is cast into moulds, and there given some useful, and usable form; so, it is useless to keep the race remidned, in newspapers, of its miserable, and deplorable condition; and ripe for action, to throw off all unjust restraints; if no one has the courage, the skill, and the initiative, to utilize this burning zeal for equal rights, and self determination: by moulding our people into a grand, and glorious state. This is not only a supreme duty; it is a most glorious privilege. Those who shall lead the race to honor, and safety, will win for themselves splendid chapters in the history of the race, and in the history of the world: their niches in the halls of fame, their lofty monuments of stone, and their statues of marble, and of bronze. They will imm-

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ortalize themselves in art, in story, and in song.

The test of your worth to the race; the measure of your importance to humanity, and civilization, is the esteem in which you should be held by posterity. Ask yourselves the question; will the future generations of the race have anything to remember me for? will they have anything to honor me for? will they have anything to praise me for? When the children of other races are erecting stately monuments; carving graceful statues; painting elegant pictures; and speaking eloquent eulogies of praise to the memory of their brave fore-fathers, who, by emigration or by war, won for them the priceless blessings of political, civil, and religious freedom, security, and happiness; if you all do not emigrate with your wives, and children to a land of freedom, peace, and prosperity; but leave them here to be disfranchised, segregated, and kept down; will they build you any monuments? will they carve you any statues? will they give you a place in history? No indeed they will not. You will die like beasts and your memory will pass away like a cloud.

If you had rather die than wear the disgraceful stigma of being the only people in the world who are coward enough to live under class despotism, and to have masters over you; when all other people have gained their freedom, and self determination, either by war or by emigration; you had better wake up; you had better get up; you had better hurry up; and move out from among the white people of the South.

Fred Douglass said that when he was a slave in Virginia, he prayed day, and night for his freedom but that it did no good; that he began to pray with his legs, and waked up one morning, and was a free man: they had placed him in Massachusetts, a free state, founded by the Pilgrim fathers. You may write a stack of books, on the way colored people are treated in the South, so high as to reach the stars, you may publish it in enough news-papers to wrap up well the entire globe a million times; and there are only

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two things for the outside world to learn from them; and those are, that the Southern whites are mean enough to disfranchise, segregate, and murder you, and that you are coward enough to stay among them, and submit to it. But you will soon be living in your own state: under your own government.

These are times that try men's souls: that put their wisdom, their courage, and their initiative to the test. Men are like boats: some are sea-worthy, and some are not. Some men are like canoes that may not venture on the perilous ocean: some are like dread noughts that can convoy other vessels through a dangerous sea to a port of safety, and honor. Perhaps you think that you belong in the dread nought class: if so, prove it by convoying your race to a land of freedom, and equal-rights.

Before the Civil war, thousands of the slaves had enough bravery, and enterprise in them to take the initiative, and throw off the restraints of slavery, elude the vigilance of slave masters, and to migrate to the free states; and become free men, and women: while others were so stupid, and coward, they were afraid to make the attempt, and continued to live under the lash, and doom their children to slavery, and disgrace.

The same two classes of people are here today: some who are so stupid, indolent, and coward; they had rather whine, and howl here, stripped of all political privileges; than to step across the line, and enjoy all the rights, and privileges of citizenship: and others, who are intelligent, energetic, and bold enough to get up, and go to where their rights will be respected, and property protected; and where they and their children may aspire to, and achieve all the honors, and rewards of the government. Hear me you able men; you strong men, you brave men; lead the race to freedom, and safety. But, if you resort to war, you will jump from the frying pan, into the fire. If you emigrate, you'll leap from slavery into freedom.

We Are Inferior To None

I propose to prove, historically, that the American Negro, is not inferior to the white Anglo-Saxons. The black Afro-Americans, have an honorable ancient history, which shows that their ancestors were among the originators, and builders of the first civilization, that attained to a high degree of splendor, grandeur, and magnificence, in Egypt, and Ethiopia, in Africa, while all other nations were barbarous savages, groping in indolence, and ignorance. Does not this ancient, African history vindicate their claim to an ancestral greatness of the loftiest honor, and nobility, and also account for their wondrous affinity for knowledge, and adaptability to the arts, both useful, and ornamental? Is it not equally true that the lily white Anglo-Saxons have no ancient history? Is it not true, that when Caesar, after having completed the subjugation of Gaul, and written out his immortal commentaries on the Galic wars; standing one day on the sea-shore, looking westward on the broad expanse of sea, and sky, saw the white chalk cliffs along the shores of England; it was a land of which he, the scholarly Caesar, that famous Roman general, law-giver statesman, and historian, had never before seen, nor heard of. When in the year 55, before Christ, with a cohort of Roman soldiers, he landed on the coast of England; did he not find the lily white Englishmen wild, and barbarous savages, going almost naked; eating their food raw, and sleeping in caves, and bark shelters? How long had these white skin, straight haired, blue-eyed Britains, been living in this degraded, and savage state? Is it not probable that they had been such wild rude, and ignorant savages for five thousand years? Had not the Africans five thousand years before that time, developed a most powerful civilization? Did they not have their science, their art, their commerce, their armies, their navies, and their cities, filled with temples, palaces, mansions, monuments, and statues built of polished stone? Did not the celebrated Greek historian, Herodotus, travel through Africa, in the

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fifth century before Christ; study, and record the manners, customs, and achievements of her people? Does not he say in his histories that the Egyptians were black? Does he not further say that the Ethiopians universally known to have been black, were equal to the Egyptians in culture, and refinement, and their superiors in military skill? Is not this a most weighty authority in support of the Negroe's claim that his great affinity for learning; and his unrivaled military efficiency, are qualities which he has inherited from these, his noble ancestors? Was not the torch of civilization carried by turns from Africa into Greece, Rome and England? What were the whitepeople of England doing throughout the many centuries the Greeks were engaged in carrying the arts of architecture, music, painting, sculpture, poetry, oratory, and statesmanship to ideal perfection? What were they doing, while their Homer was giving to the world his Iliad, and Odyssey; while Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were composing, and performing their thrilling tragedies; while Xenophon, Herodotus, and Thucydides were recording in their inspiring histories the illustrious achievements of their champions, their heroes, and their martyrs; when Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotles were teaching, and refining the world with their philosophy when Carneades, Pericles, and Demosthenese were elevating the character of the people, and moulding them into a more glorious nation by their masterly and matchless oratory; and when Phidius was adorning their public buildings with statuary of exquisite grace, and beauty? Is it not true that these straight haired, blue eyed, lily white people were still a wild, and savage race; having no books, no schools, no churches; going almost naked, eating their food raw, and sleeping in crevices between the rocks, holes in the ground, and bark shelters? What were they doing throughout the entire duration of the Roman world; under the kingdom, from the founding of Rome by Romulus; 'til the overthrow of the Tarquin dynasty

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dynasty by Brutus; under the great republic from its establishment by Brutus, until its destruction by Caesar; and under the empire, from its formation by Caesar until the downfall of Rome in 1453? What were they doing when Horace, Virgil, and Lucretius were cultivating, and refining the Roman people by their enobling, and elevating verses; when Cicero, Quintilian and Crassus, were thundering their sublime oratory in the assembly, the senate, and the forum of Rome: When Roman scholars were producing that classical literature that marks the height of purity, propriety precision, and elegance of literary composition; and is read in every college on the globe; and when her philosophers, her statesmen, and her jurists were perfecting their laws, and government to the integrity of a science; which system of law, and equity forms the basic principles of jurisprudence, the world over?

Is it not true that, during this great development, and expansion of learning, and civilization; the white people of England were still ignorant, wild, and rude savages; worshiping the snake, the micteto, and the fire; and burning their children as sacrifices to idol gods? Did not the Roman emperor Constantine, send the Negro monk, St. Augustine, with a staff of forty bishops, to carry the light of christianity to the white people of England? Did they not learn for the first time from that Negro monk, that God made them, and that Christ died for the saving of their souls? They were subdued by the Romans, and were under Roman rule for five hundred years. They built cities, schools, and churches throughout England; but they jim-crowed these white people in their schools, and churches, and segregated them in their cities; and they were all menial slaves under Roman lords, and matrons. The Romans abandoned England in the year 408; when Honorius was on the throne; then they willingly gave away their lands, and surrendered themselves, their wives, and their children to be slaves for the Saxons to have their armies protect them from the savage

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Danes, Picts, and Scotts, they being too ignorant, and coward to protect themselves. Were they not slaves under the Saxons for more than five hundred years, or until the death of Edward, the Confessor, when war between Harold, and William, Duke of Normandy, to settle their rival claims to the British crown; resulted in the death of Harold on the crimson fields of Hastings, and the accession of William to the throne, when they became miserable slaves under the Normans for centuries?

The stately, and imposing temple of civilization was thought out, built up, and furnished, by the Africans, the Greeks, and the Romans. The Africans laid, deep and broad its foundation; erected its massive walls; its lofty columns, and its ponderous roof; and filled its spacious halls with many useful, and ornamental arts. The Greeks embellished it with dainty mural decorations; elegant Ionian, and Corinthian capitals; exquisite statuary, painting, music, and literature. The Romans added stately porticos, and supplied it with the light of law, and equity. The Anglo-Saxons, after having lived as wild and naked savages through all these many centuries; opened their eyes; stepped across the threshold; and became guests in this magnificent temple; and have become so proud, and presumptuous over the little improvement they've made, as to want to claim the entire building as their own, and to try to rudely evict its more rightful proprietors, and shut them out in the cold, and in the dark. If the African, the Greek, and the Roman civilizations, were overthrown, and swept away by vanity, pride, cruelty, and oppression; does it not admonish all nations to build on the immutable basis of justice, and equal privileges?

These indisputable facts of history, are sufficient to prove that Afro-Americans are by nature, equal if not superior to the white Anglo-American. and to prove that these colored people, settled in a country to themselves, and with good commercial, and educational facilities, would soon rival the greatest nations.

The Man Without

A RACE

THE man without a country,
Living on earth anywhere;
Has his race, and kinred,
For to feel his every care.
He can cherish their ideals:
Have the lofty aspiration,
That his race will som day get,
To be an independent nation.
He can organize his people:
Equal rights here to demand:
Or have them emigrate away,
To a free, and prosperous land.
He has established nations,
Throughout all the ages:
His glorious achievements,
Adorn history's pages.
The man without a race,
Is most miserable indeed;
He has no one to follow;
And he has no one to lead.
To men of other races,
He is nothing but a slave;
Scorned as a menial,
From his cradle to his grave.
Condemned for a traitor'
By those from whom he sprung:
Always scorned, and hated;
By both the old, and young.
Though some people help him,
Who would use him for a tool;
When his back is turned they say,
There goes a worthless fool.
The man without a country,
May the highest fame embrace;
Though all men hold contempt,
For the man without a race.



Quentin Roosevelt

Q-quick to defend the banner of thy nation,
U-nto the fields of France thou didst proceed;
E-ducated in army aviation;
N-oble aviators thou didst lead.
T-ook thou many a dangerous trip
I-n thy strong and rapid air plane;
N-aughty German fliers thou didst out strip;
R-apidly thou didst bumb shells on them rain.
O-nward, quite heedless of harm or danger,
O-ver the German lines thou didst keep flying
S-oldier to whom fear was a stranger;
E-xcellent one who did not mind dying.
V-irtuous lieutenant in thy grave,
E-xecuted by the cruel Hun;
L-ong wilt thou be numbered among the brave
T-he fadeless crown of honor hast thou won.





Theodore Roosevelt

T-he government, in which all have a hand
H-as in thee a brave champion great.
E-qual rights to all, in every land;
O-n this planet thou doth advocate.
D-enounceth thou class rule, and domination;
O-pposeth thou all murder with impunity;
R-ace-prejudice, jim-crowing, segregation;
E-ternal shame on this christian community.

R-enowned alike in forum and in field,
O'er the globe thou art known and admired.
O-n wrong thou doth truth's thunderboltswield
S-tatesman's championship thou hast acquired.
E-very nation has in thee a friend—
V-igilant guardian of the people's rights;
E-qual privileges helping them win;
L-eader of the people in their fights.
T-orch-bearer of thy fair christian nation,
thou art destined to perfect civilization.





Theodore Roosevelt
Champion Of Equal Rights



Theodore Roosevelt

Heavenly goddesses around me throng;
Inspire me with thy lute, thy lire thy song
Minerva, fill my soul with sapient juice;
Pour into my mind thy thoughts O! muse;
Jove let down thy brilliant golden chain
Electrify my hand, my heart, my brain;
While of the worth of Roosevelt I write,
His matchless fame, shining intensely bright
The greatest statesman born since creation,
Destined to lead to greatness our nation.
He is a soldier, seer, saint, and sage;
The finest ornament of any age.
Noble from birth, his culture, genius, drill
Have given Roosevelt keen foresight and skill
The brightest lights of every land and age
Are concentrated in this honored sage.
United States, put Roosevelt at thy head;
Surely then thou wilt be wisely lead.
This champion of the fair field;
Defender of the square and honest deal,
Long has held the love, and admiration
Of all the men and women of our nation.
The weeds of war he will eradicate;
Prosperity he will accelerate;
Uphold our prestige with all foreign nations;
Strengthen our foreign relations.
This nation oft has enemies and scolders
Oft has too small a head above its shoulders
Heads much too small for such gigantic frame
Disgracing our prestige, and our name.
Great orators right expert with the lip
But very poor pilots for our ship.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In softer times we might be safely lead
By one with timid heart and tangled head
But when convulsions shake the spacious main
Give us the stalwart heart and ponderous brain
Give us the man to public service reared,
The man for all emergencies prepared;
The man who wears the statesman's champion
belt

The wise, the brave Theodore Roosevelt.
With demagogues a head of our nation,
These states are doomed to annihilation.
This nation famed for freedom and fair play
Is fated soon to fall and pass away.
Washington to us this nation gave;
From ruin Lincoln did this nation save;
We now need leaders, wise, brave, and pure
So for all time this nation will endure.
Look at Greece, and Rome's crumbling stones,
The skeleton's white decaying bones
Of nations once as fair and grand as ours,
Where arts and letters bloomed out like flowers;
Poor leadership, unjust administrations,
Did vanquish quite these powerful nations.
Now while for private gain and selfish greed,
Many Americans do pay no heed
To what is best for our country all,
And care not if this government should fall;
While most all countries in the world today

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Are showing signs of great moral decay;
While by wrong they seek to become great,
And soon must share Greece, and Rome's fate;
Let's put the government in Roosevelt's hands
How to rule the colonel understands.
With Theodore Roosevelt at our helm of state
Again this nation will be strong and great;
Great in valor, wealth, learning, love;
Like the spacious, happy realms above.
His spirit will this nation animate.
It to perfection he will elevate.
Perfect in christian civilization'
We'll be the beacon light for every nation.
Perhaps from us these nations all will learn
From the rocks of peril and death to turn.
Thus we will aid in the perpetuation,
Of a perfect christian civilization.
When the haughty Huns we all do hate
Had murdered Belgium a sister state;
When in France the outlawed German nation
Was spreading great havoc, and devastation;
When it had threatened every state of note
To butcher to its heart and cut its throat;
Sank their ships, and men upon the sea;
Although to sail the oceans all are free;
When these Prussian people, (grown too bold),
Did our star spangled banner scold;
Sank our ships without investigation,
A grave injury to our nation;
Americans were so drunk with greed
To these great dangers they paid no heed.
Thus while destruction did upon them steal
They watched the money safe, and mill wheel

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

While those who did direct our helm of state
Resigned this nation to an awful fate.
When told, with arms to defend our right,
They said that they were too proud to fight.
Roosevelt did then the people's cause espouse;
Them to protect themselves he did arouse.
Valor bursted forth from his tongue, and pen,
And woke from slumbering these stupid men.
Like Prometheus spreading the fire,
With valor he did these states inspire.
Soon he induced them to make preparation
To vanquish the obstinate German nation.
Billions of gold, and millions of good men
Raised **we** to help the world war to win.
When white mobs killed black people north,
and south,
And no statesman would dare open his mouth
And condemn this foulest crime of all
Which if not stopped this nation soon will fall,
Roosevelt with wrath this brutal crime beheld
And against all mob violence rebelled.
Condemns he all the disfranchising laws,
Of murder, and oppression the chief cause;
Since those who have in government no hand
Can never any legal rights command.
They may loudly against the wrong protest
But thus those wrongs will never be redressed.
Disfranchisement, murder, segregation,
Will erlong subvert our nation.
War's hardships black men have bravely shared
To make this nation honored abroad, and feared
This nation now for much it's greatness owes
To the way we have fought her many foes.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

To our vigorous, and peaceful toil,
In her mills, and mines, and on her soil.
To the great worth in offices of trust
Of our loyal people true and just.
Though protected by their bravery,
The south would still keep them in slavery.
So prone is she to selfishness, and greed,
To truth, justice, and right she pays no heed;
But to work the black man as a beast,
And on the produce from his labor feast;
Does disfranchise, and kill in every place,
To dominate over the colored race.
Encouraged by Roosevelt black men do go,
To help the central powers overthrow;
Trusting that when Germany shall fall,
Black citizens will be protected all;
That class-rule will not be tolerated;
To equal plane all will be elevated.
The greatest curses from which the people bleed
And which do freedom's worthy cause impede
Are Prussian militarism,
And the solid south's despotism.
All the cruel German foes subdued,
Still these states will not with war be through
Until they shall give us representation
In law-making or a reservation.
Since the North gave them emancipation,
Black men have won lofty civilization;
In character, and wealth have become great;
In culture achieved a higher state.
But still the south has made no reformation,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Still labors for black people's degradation;
To make them slaves, ignorant, and weak;
To deny them every right they seek;
Disfranchise, and burn them to the stake;
Jim-crow them all, and servants of them make.
But O! thou priest of justice and fair play,
Bravest champion of the right to day;
In whom John Brown, Lincoln, Sumner live;
And all brave men who did their lives give
To break asunder slavery's chain,
The colored people equal rights to gain;
The greatest work of all thy useful life
Is to break up all these race-wars, and strife;
Help us achieve complete emancipation,
That justice may reign throughout the nation.
Think of how they fight against the Huns;
How bravely they do stand before their guns!
How manfully they drive the Germans back;
Their soldiers kill their towns and cities sack;
To free the world from militaryism,
And from cruel German despotism.
Think how they did fight the Spanish nation,
For oppressed Cuba's liberation;
How in Cuba they fought for thy protection;
How thou wert saved by men of dark
 completion.

Fight on great chief with thy tongue and pen;
Equal rights for all Americans win.
Abolish disfranchisement in this nation;
Or settle us upon a reservation;
Where we can live under our own laws;
And of complaint the race will have no cause.





The World-War

W-oe unto men, and nations that do wrong;
O-ver the earth in this enlightened age;
R-eason, reformation is so strong,
L-ight against all darkness war does wage.
D-oomed is despotism soon to fall,
W-hether in Europe or this South-land;
A-gainst class-rule do fight the nations all;
R-esolved teh y shall no longer for it stand



The World-War

THE SOLID SOUTH

AND THE NEGRO

Supernal goddesses, and muses bright;
Upon thy thrones of gold in realms of light;
From thy shining courts beyond the skies,
Over this spacious planet cast thine eyes.
See all the world in direful war's embrace,
Envolving every land, and every race.
The cause of this world war O! muse proclaim;
Declare who is in fault, who is to blame.
Millions of armed soldiers from every shore
Upon the coast of France do thickly pour:
Join the French against each central nation;
Most bravely fight for their annihilation.
Shot, and shell in ceaseless deadly showers,
Pour they like rain upon the central powers.
Teuton, Turkish, and Bulgarian men;
Their forces quickly to subdue, and win.
But with heavy guns they do reply,
And at each charge thousands of men do die.
The wealth, the skill, and men of every nation;
The wisdom of all ages since creation,
These powerful belligerents employ,
One another's people to destroy.
Armies and fleets do fill the land, and sea,
The world from cruel monarchy to free;
While in the sky thousands of air ships float;
Beneath the waves many a diving boat;
These with shells do towns to pieces batter;
Those with great torpedoes vessels shatter;
While thousands of brave soldiers do expire,
From deadly poison gas, and liquid fire.
O! God the devastation, sorrow, care;
That follow in the wake of war most drear;
The billions of the brave heroic dead,
On whom the grim monster of war has fed;
Billions of brave people of every nation,
That have died in war since creation.
The weeds of war we must eradicate.
The seeds of war we must annihilate.

THE WORLD-WAR

On earth shall reign harmony, and love,
Like the peaceful happy realms above.
The cause of this world war O! muse proclaim
Declare who is in fault who is to blame.
Declare the cause of all wars small, and great,
For armed conflicts we must eradicate.
All the cruel central powers fight
To perpetuate imperial might:
Foreign lands to conquer, and to hold,
To extract their riches, and their gold;
The eastern trade to monopolize,
The central powers to aggrandize;
The people's lives, and fortunes to control,
And to dominate over every soul.
The French, Americans, and others fight,
To defend at sea their shipper's right;
To make the central powers treat them fair;
So of the world's commerce they'll get their share

To drive the Germans, and their allies back,
So they can preserve their lands intact;
To overthrow all grim autocracy;
Establish universal democracy.
To put an end to war, and devastation,
Throughout the world in every nation.
You must to stop all war abolish wrong,
Train all man-kind to be morally strong;
So that all men will be just, and holy,
And lordly ones will elevate the lowly.
Men by the golden rule must live, and die,
A thing that will delight when it you try,
All the world must honor Christ as king
Be governed by his law in every thing.
The most despotic rules with iron rod,
That do defy the will of men, and God,
Are the central power's monarchy;
And the South's aristocracy,
Where colored men are denied the right
To vote, and help make laws by the white.

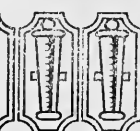
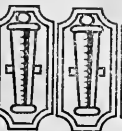
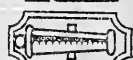
THE WORLD-WAR

Colored men their equals every way
As worthy to help rule the state as, they,
Because of the color of their skin;
Are organized against by these white men;
Who hold despotic reign in this community,
And murder colored men with impunity.
The solid south the world's honor will blight,
Until she treats black citizens right.
There'll be no world-wide democracy fair,
Until we have in government a share.
Democracy we love, and honor thee,
Thou didst take up arms, and set us free;
We'll fight for thee til Germany shall fall;
Then against the south we will thee call.
Give free, and equal rights to all earth's men,
There'll be peace without, and peace within.
Long as the government is held by few,
Bloody wars, and massacres will brew;
Christianity will be a dream;
And the world with vice, and crime will teem.
Let love for God and men in every nation,
Be the people's highest aspiration;
Then thirst for empire, and greed for gain,
Will cease to agitate the people's brain.
All will achieve equal education,
And be of equal worth to civilization.
Children of light, they all will love all others,
As their intelligent, and worthy brothers.
Is it for this we do to Europe go,
The central powers there to overthrow;
Then hoist old glory high into the air,
Gladly will we hurry with it there;
As she proudly floats neath Europe's sky,
We'll fight beneath her 'til we win or die.
When we return to America's shore,
If we don't find for us an open door,
To rulership in our state, and nation;
Abolished jim-crow laws, and segregation;
We'll show them other wars will then be fought
Until we gain the equal rights we ought
Or emigrate to another place;
And govern ourselves, and our race.



Roberts

R-esolute, invincible hero,
O-n monuments will be chiseled thy story;
B-ecause thou didst vanquish the German foe,
E-xterminating them with slaughter gory.
R-ight manfully didst thou hold thy post;
T-hy sleeping army shielding from slaughter;
S-aved you the French and American host;
from being massacred in that quarter.

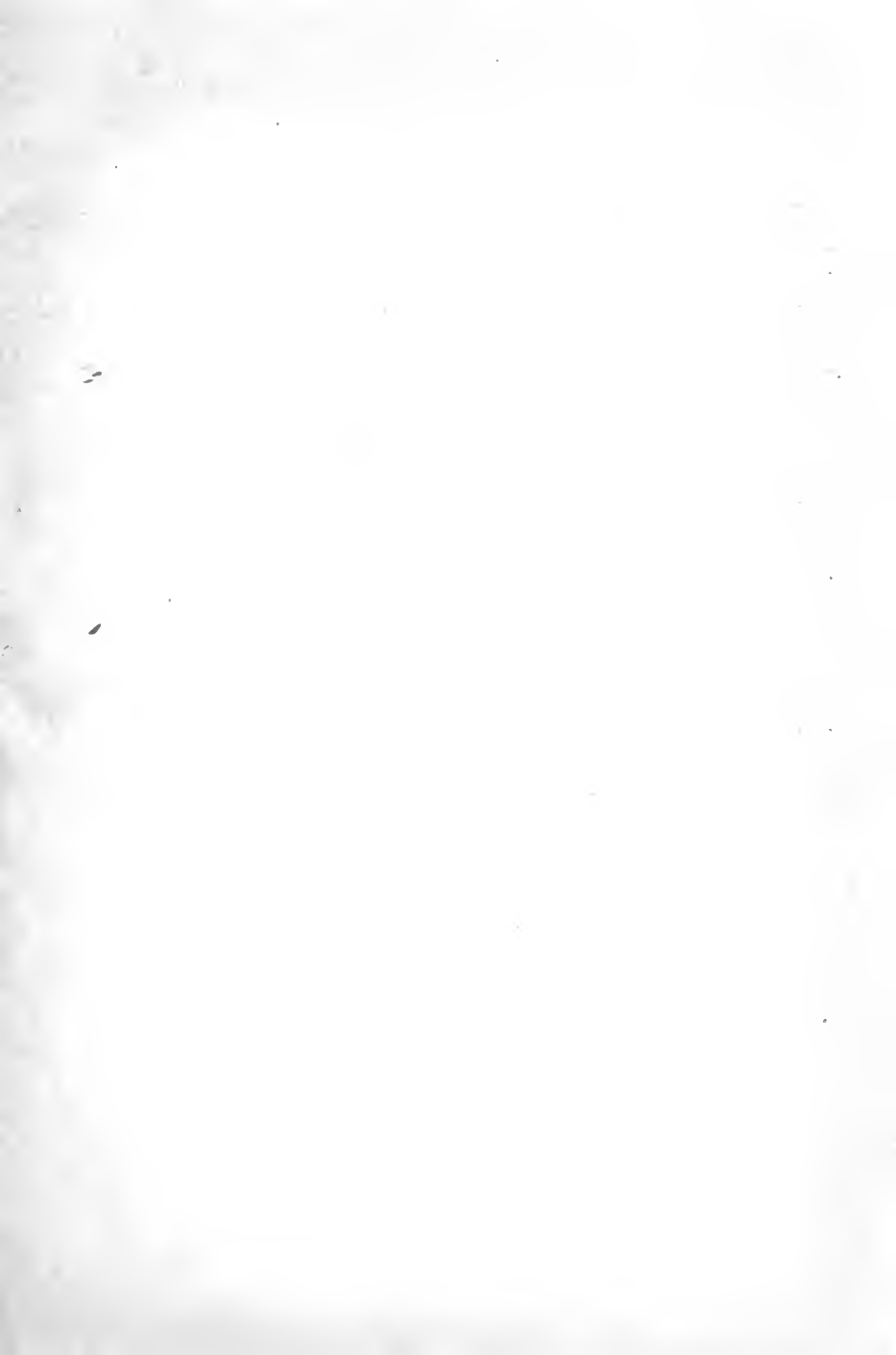


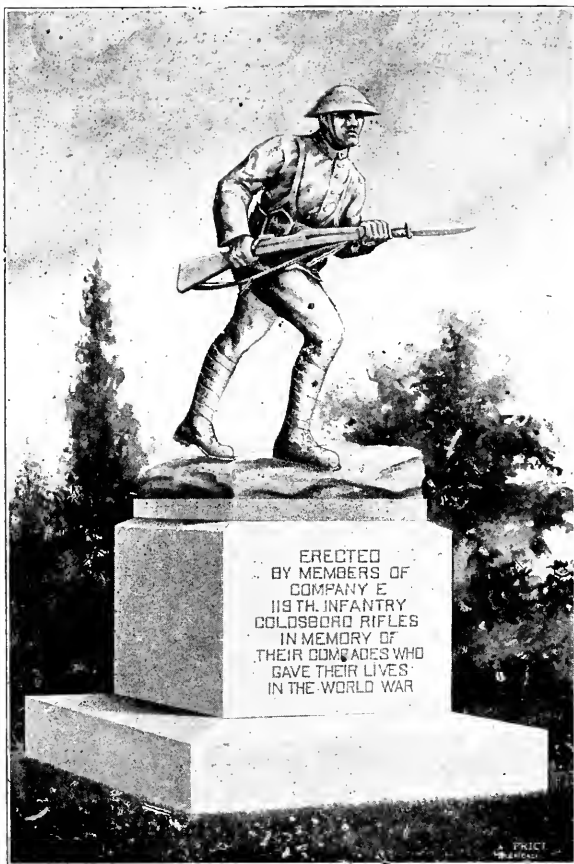


Johnson

J-ustice looks to brave men for defense;
O-n fearless souls she must ever rely;
H-er only hope is derived from thence;
N-oble spirits that are not afraid to die.
S-words, and guns brave men ever employ
O-n tyrants to obtain from them their right;
N-ations they oft vanquish and destroy;
to establish freedom's shining light.







Statue In Honor Of World-War Soldiers
On The Courthouse Square In Goldsboro, N C.



Johnson, And Roberts

Celestial muse in realms of fadeless gold;
The spacious book of history unfold;
Write on it's ample pearly pages grand;
Johnson's and Robert's brave, heroic stand.
Two most invincible, and bold black men,
Who were the first Americans to win,
In the world-war the hero's medals bright;
By vanquishing twenty Germans one night.
Two black American sentinels bold;
Who did in France their posts with honor hold;
When they did these twenty Germans meet;
And send them back in ignoble defeat.
Many brave Americans, and French,
Lay sleeping side by side along the trench;
These two brave sentinels on guard did stand,
Against the German army near at hand.
While Night upon his sable throne did dose;
These twenty Germans, creeping on their toes,
Stole quickly through the dark, and gloomy
wood.

To where these sentinels on duty stood;
Armed with many a deadly grenade,
A fierce assault upon the two they made;
Advancing on them from the side and rear;
Before they knew that twenty foes were near
Like Horatius Cocles most bold
Who did from Rome a mighty army hold;
These two fearless Negro soldiers black,
Fought like lions, and drove the Germans back
They shot them til they got within arm reach
Then fought with bayonet, and rifle breech;
Felling the German soldiers left, and right,
Who were shooting them with all their might;
Though Germans thickly on the two did rush
Though their blood from great wounds did gush
Though Johnson had broken his gun on them;
Though they had Roberts down a choking him;

They new that should they to the foes yield,
 Or eowardly retire from the field;
 All ouo soldiers sleeping in that quarter,
 Would be doomed to cruel German slaughter.
 They thought of our war record most grand;
 And, scorning death they both resolved to stand
 And fight til every foe fell at their feet;
 Or vanquished by their arms did back retreat.
 With bolo knife Johnson to Roberts dashed;
 With it the hero, German helmets crashed.
 Their blood, and brains upon the earth did fall
 The other Germans soon retreated all.
 As these escaping Huns away did go,
 Roberts a hand grenade did at them throw;
 Which did another cruel Hun destroy.
 Hurrah! for the brave American boy.
 Thus these dauntless, skilful soldiers brave;
 Did our army from slaughter save;
 And won the heroe's never dying name;
 Their niches in the stately hall of fame.
 All loyal hearts retain cozy places:
 For these two sentinels with swarthy faces.
 My colored friends this feat before your eyes,
 Should be enough to make you brave, and, wise.
 When only two black soldiers in the fight,
 Did twenty Germans kill or put to flight;
 Whether we fight for justice here or there;
 Of sustaining defeat we need not fear.
 If bravely we all fight against the wrong,
 We will achieve every right ere long.
 It is God that holds up justice's scale;
 Numbers against the right cannot prevail.
 Have faith in God then take up arms, and fight;
 He will help you establish every right.
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;
 Three cheers for Johnson, and Roberts too.
 Uncover now, and stand in graceful manner;
 Sing you for them star spangled banner.






A German Machine-Gun In Action



Colonel Haywood

C-ommanding colored soldiers brave,
O-ver to France didst thou go;
L-iberty's great cause to save;
O-ld Germany to overthrow.
N-ever had the world surveyed,
E-ven since the earth's creation;
L-ike valor as ye all displayed,
H-elping to beat the German nation.
A-merica thy home survey;
Y-onder in the Southern land;
W-here most thy colored people stay,
O-ppressed, and killed on every hand.
O-verthrow those wrongs or go,
D-well where it will not be so.





Lieutenant Shaw

L-ook back upon thine unjust nation,
I-n whose right ye soldiers battle;
E-very known humiliation,
U-pon you heaped like you were cattle.
T-he democrats incite the mob,
E-ver to harass colored men.
N-egroes of their votes they rob;
A-ll offices these whites thus win.
N-egroes drive they from the election,
T-hey drive poor whites into their fold.
S-uch crimes to us of dark complexion
H-elp democrats all rule to hold.
A-nother home find ye or fight,
W-ould ye enjoy every right.



A Black Regiment

Colonel Haywood's regiment,
Composed of colored soldiers bold
To vanquish German foes went;
And won medals of purest gold.

Off to France they proudly sailed;
With Colonel Haywood commanding;
As brave comrades they were hailed,
By French soldiers on their landing.

Colonel Haywood, gallant knight;
Bold defender of his nation;
Lead his brave men on to fight
For Germany's subjugation.

Near Marne on the battle line;
This colored regiment was placed
Where by their martial service fine,
Their heads they with honors graced.

Both the officers, and men
In that colored regiment,
Determined high honors to win;
For that they to the battle went.

Lieutenant Shaw brave as a bear,
Commander of machine gun men,
The hero's golden badge to wear,
Determined at the front to win.

Private Howard Gailard brave,
Resolved to win his badge of fame,
Or above his honored grave,
A lofty shaft of marble claim.

Privates Woods, and Jones did swear,
They would the German troops destroy
Honor's medals achieve, and wear,
The rest of life with pride, and joy.

All, in this New York regiment;
Of whom there was great expectation,
To achieve high honors went;
For themselves, and their nation.

A BLACK REGIMENT

As this fine army did advance,
With measured tread gallant, and brave
On through the fields and towns of
France;

The French did cheer, and banners wave

Until the German guns they saw
Frowning on them with deadly hate;
And in the tragedy of war
Began they to participate.

When the Germans saw the faces
Of Haywood's soldiers black as night;
Their hearts, and minds changed places
They were reluctant them to fight.

A month they spent in preparation,
To make on them a deadly drive;
For their complete annihilation;
And not to leave a man alive.

Reinforcements they collected;
More big guns they did employ;
All at these colored troops directed;
By which they sought them to destroy.

The German infantry stood by,
With rifles knives, and sabers bright;
Ready at the word to fly;
And Haywood's brave black army fight

One morning half past two o'clock;
While night upon his throne did nod:
And sleep did soldier's eye-lids lock:
While they lay dreaming on the sod;

Before Aurora did awake
To usher in the golden day;
And by search lights soldiers did make
Observations far a way.

The Germans thinking that they might
Catch these soldiers off their guard;
Began this most terrible fight
By bombarding them most hard.

A hundred cannon shots they fire
Like thunderbolts among the trees.

A BLACK REGIMENT

Then the artillery men retire
When rifle balls came thick as bees.

Supported by machine gun fire,
Squads of infantry came forward;
Til they reached Haywood's picket wire;
But found no colored soldiers coward.

Lieutenant Shaw's machine gun men
Resolved to drive the Germans back;
And the awful day to win;
Or every one die in his track.

So awful was the iron storm
Of grenades, shrapnel, shot, and shell,
Among the machine guns did swarm:
Shot by German foes so well;

Upon his feet Shaw could not stand,
And watch the gorey battle through;
He rolled upon the bloody sand
And told the gunners what to do:

Rolled first to this gun then another;
Cheering his men in every quarter;
Directing every soldier brother
How the German troops to slaughter.

While they were thus bravely repelling
This most deadly German assault;
And while their valor was a telling
In making Germans reel, and halt;

Lieutenant Shaw's machine guns
Jammed and refused to fire a shot;
When the fierce, and wicked Huns
Thought they had them in death's pot.

Then privates Woods, and Jones brave
Ran through the hail of shot, and shell
Resolved the awful day to save;
Repaired these machine guns well.

Cleaned, and mounted them for action,
While rifle balls did comb their hair,
The most heroic transaction,
That ever man was known to dare

A BLACK REGIMENT

Private Gailard who was good,
With small rapid firing guns;
Could n't well see from where he stood
The rapidly approaching Huns.

Went out upon the parapet,
Where shot, and shell the air filled;
That he a view of them could get;
And many German soldiers killed.

Thus Haywood's dauntless regiment,
By sheer bravery, and skill;
The Huns away defeated sent;
So many did they wound and kill.

The French a badge of honor gave
Awarded gladly by that nation:
To every one of these men brave;
To show their appreciation.

Strive all others to excel
Whether in peace or war you labor;
You will discharge your duty well;
And be honored by your neighbor.

Those who with pens, and swords fight,
To overthrow the thing that's wrong;
Never shrinking from the sight;
Of enemies equipped, and strong;

The foe they conquer most always.
Free themselves from domination;
Win eternal fame and praise;
And complete emancipation.

When bold champions of right,
Are sought out to be destroyed;
The pistol ball in such a fight;
Does usually the brave avoid.

The cold, and lifeless lead, and steel,
Aimed at a brave reformer's heart;
Seem to reason, think, and feel;
And from the fatal mark depart.

God the author of truth and light,
Is also the master of fate;

A BLACK REGIMENT

He will not let the cause that's right
Be ruined by the wrong, and hate.
Let no black person in the South,
Defrauded of his lawful rights;
Be afraid to open his mouth,
And scold injustice in the whites.

Since black soldiers are not dismayed
To fight, and die to save this land;
We should never be afraid;
Every right here to demand.

If you want black men to live
In the south, and help you labor;
A share in government you give,
To your worthy colored neighbor.

You must concede to colored men,
The right to help the laws create;
And the privilege to win
Honored positions in the state.

Or another war we'll fight
Against you here in this south land;
Until you yield us every right
For which this government does stand;

Or from you we will separate;
Move on a colored reservation;
Govern our towns, and state;
In congress have representation.

Hurrah for Haywood's regiment,
That did slaughter so many Huns
That they away defeated went;
Vanquished by the black men's guns.

Hurrah for these black soldiers brave
For whose battling most splendid;
France the hero's medals gave;
And for peerless worth commended.

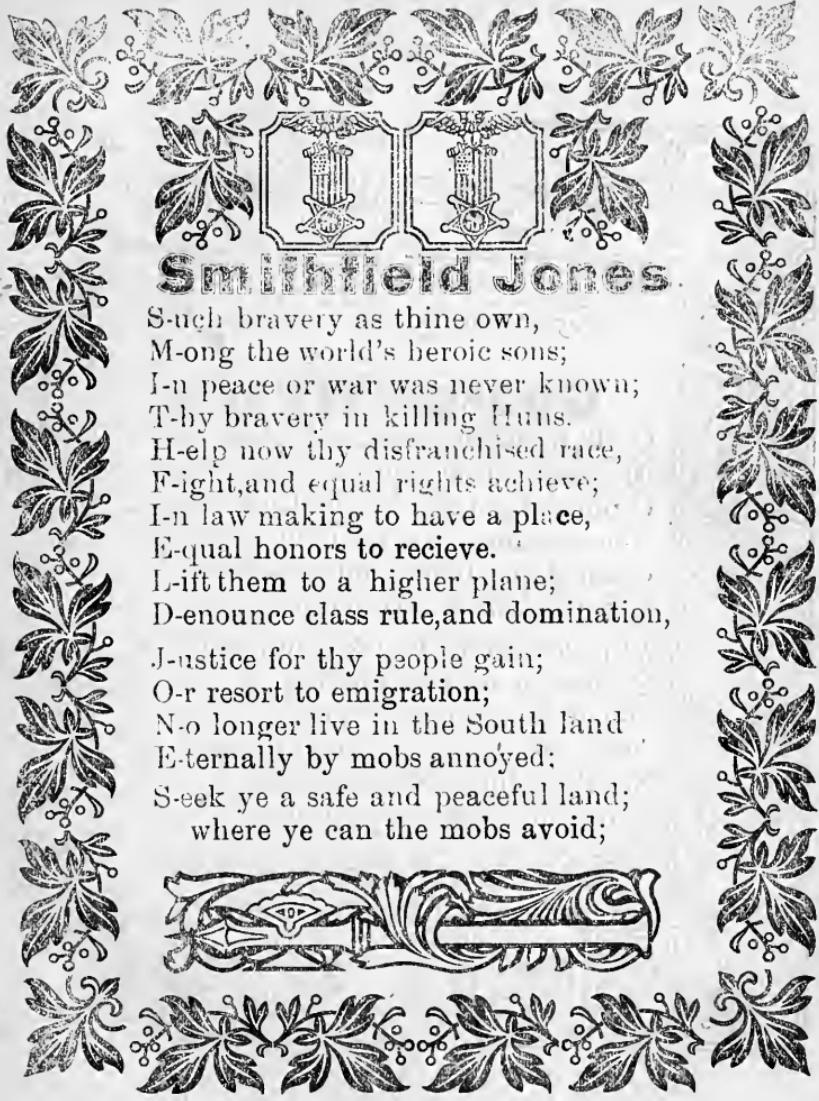
Emulate those soldiers black;
You disfranchised colored men;
Let not the white South hold you back,
Every right demand, and win.






Howard Gaillard

H-ow bravely thou didst Germans fight
O-ver in France a cross the sea;
W-orking there with all thy might;
A-merica from fear to free.
R-aces will admire thy glory;
D-own through all the future ages.
G-rateful hearts will read thy story
A-ll over earth on history's pages.
I-n war thy task is not complete,
L-ong as they disfranchise my race;
A ssist you all our foes to beat;
R-ight here or find a better place.
D-uty calls on you today,
to fight or lead them all away.



Smithfield Jones

Such bravery as thine own,
Mong the world's heroic sons;
In peace or war was never known;
Thy bravery in killing Huns.
Help now thy disfranchised race,
Fight, and equal rights achieve;
In law making to have a place,
Equal honors to receive.
Lift them to a higher plane;
Denounce class rule, and domination,
Justice for thy people gain;
Or resort to emigration;
No longer live in the South land
Eternally by mobs annoyed;
Seek ye a safe and peaceful land;
where ye can the mobs avoid;


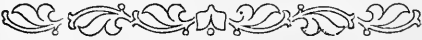




George Woods

G allant soldier, bold, and strong;
E- pouse thine injured people's cause;
O- ppose thou all who do them wrong.
R- epeal those disfranchising laws.
G- ain them justice, and protection;
E- qual chance to education.

W- in for those of dark complexion,
O- ffices in state, and nation.
O- pen doors to lofty fame,
D- emand thee for all of thy race;
S- ee that they recieve the same;
or find for them another place.





God Rules All Races

G-overnments, and nations rise, and fall;
O-n this stupendous, revolving earth;
D-ynasties, and kingdoms great, and small,
R-ush to ruin when they lose their worth.
U-nless a nation's people do the right:
L-ive in harmony, and love with all,
E-vil fortune will their greatness blight,
S-oon destruction will upon them fall.

A-lmighty God with sword in one hand;
L-ifting the scales of justice with the other;
L-eteth the bad a brief season stand;

R-ob, and kill their illfated brother.
A-fter a while he lifts his sword high;
C-uts down the wicked people with one stroke;
E-very one in gloom, and darkness lie;
S-hattered all their pride, their greatness broke.



Mutability

OF NATIONS

HOld up thy heads my colored friends
Ye once exceled all men on earth;
Surpassed them all in skill, and learning
Sterling industry, and worth.

Though thy sun went down from heaven
Succeeded by a long dark night,
That fair orb again is rising
With a flood of brilliant light.

We are coming over mountains;
Assisted by God's helping hand;
After many years of progress,
Mong the foremost ranks we'll stand.

Don't thou ever be discouraged,
Because thy race is far behind;
We can ascend to life's fair summit
By training hands, heart, and mind.

Look upon the stately rose bush,
Many green rose buds are there,
That have never yet unfolded,
Their pretty petals to the air.

Other buds are just unwinding
Their lovely blossoms to the light;
Adorning that queenly rose arbor,
With their flowers red, and white.

Other roses on those branches,
That did bloom out first of all
Have begun to droop and wither;
Mong the dead leaves they do fall.

The spacious galaxy of nations,
Is like the royal rose bush blooming;
While some are grovelling in darkness,
Others are into grandeur looming.

Africa, Greece, Babylon, Rome;
By turns achieved civilization,
When ignorance, and superstition,
Blinded every other nation.

Then those proud, and splendid nations,
Lost their virtue, worth and powers,
Became masses of breken ruins,
Like fallen, and decaying flowers -

When those weak, and savage nations;
That did cover most the globe,
Rose to power, fame and might,
Put on honor's royal robe.

When the sun descends from view,
The evening star displays it's light,
While all other stars, and planets
Lay concealed from mortal sight.

But as the evening shades grow older,
In every quarter of the skies,
Other stars, and planets gather,
Flashing their blue, and golden eyes;

Til like a massive jewel casket;
Filled with rubies, diamonds, pearls;
The spacious vault of heaven's studded,
With it's brilliant starry worlds.

Then that splendid evening planet,
With it's blaze of silvery light
Has fallen beneath the horizon;
No longer to be seen that night.

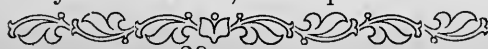
But it ever returns next morning ;
Heralding another day,
Shining brightly in the heavens,
When all others have fled away.

So it is with men, and nations,
Though each one may do his best,
Some to fame and independence,
Will grow, and bloom before the rest.

But each will take it's turn forever,
In standing in the foremost place,
The Africans again will be,
The peerless, champion race.

We must have higher education,
Demand here every legal right,
Or move upon a reservation,
Out from among the people white.

Then colored gentlemen, and ladies,
Can to high offices aspire,
The honors, and rewards of ruling,
They can seek for, and acquire.






Don't Oppose God

D-are not while on earth you stay,
O-ppose the cause that's just, and right.
N-ever impede men on their way
T-o the realms of truth, and light.

O-pen the college to all men,
P-ersuade them to be scholars great,
P-rivilege give them to win,
O-ffices in town, and state.
S-ome will by their counsel wise;
E-nlighten the entire nation,

G-reatly they will assist to rise,
O-thers to higher civilization.
D-well with all in peace, and love,
like the happy saints above.





The Color Line

Some flowers on one brilliant day,
In the lovely month of may,
Were growing in a meadow by a brook
They heard it's merry little song;
As it gaily leaped along;
And over the mossy bank did look.

But in the smooth, and glossy stream,
Romantic as a lovely dream;
With it's bright and mirror like reflection;
Only roses, lilies, daisies,
Met their eager, wistful gazes,
With their lovely, bright, complexion.

As the music sweet, and mellow,
Filled the flowers blue, and yellow;
They appeared very happy, and glad:
Until the stream's ruffled face,
Made them like a different race,
When they all became envious, and mad.

Then the flowers on the bank,
Proud of their race, and rank;
Mutually did all give their consent;
To leap into the tiny rill,
And their clever rivals kill:
But all into the stormy ocean went.

But the streamlet keeps on singing,
Lovely messages a bringing,
And sing delightfully it ever will,
So long as snow, hail, and rain,
Falls upon the hills, and plane.
And water goes a tripping down the rill.

Men with all their pride, and power,
Are no stronger than the flower,
That by the shining streamlet lingers;
Their talents, and their worth,
Are God's music on this earth;
As he plays the soul's harp with his
fingers

THE COLOR LINE

Kill through prejudice thy brother;
God will promote many another,
They will prosper here before thine eyes,
So the one that is conceited;
Will always be defeated,
When to oppose his creator he tries.

Then be not selfish or unkind,
To people of great heart, and mind,
Though they be of dark complexion,
For talent, genius, culture, skill,
Bravery, and iron will;
Are the great Creator's own reflection.





Cast Your Vote

C-ount that man dead who has no wish for ruling,
A-government that claims him for her son;
S-uch person never had the propr schooling.
T-urn thy face away from such a one.

Y-oung men should all to government aspire.
O-pportunities will come their way;
U-seful learning much they should acquire,
R-ival they should the brightest of their day.

V-iew thou the conduct of those who hold,
O-ver thy head the governmental rod.
T-ake bonds of them for the public's gold.
E-ver serve thy country, and thy God.



Guilford Troup

THe August sun was sinking low,
Behind the Southern trees tall
The shadows long, and gloomy fell,
Over Canary village small.

Delicious fruits, and flowers rich,
Smiled 'round the mansions every
where,

Their delightful odors filled
With dainty sweetness all the air.

The sun shot shafts of golden light,
Through the thin cloud's vapor wall,
Which o'er this Alabama town,
A golden mantle seemed to fall

The town for hours had been filled,
With throngs of noisy people;
Some sat upon the walls, and roofs,
Others clung to the church steeple

It was then election year
For the Alabama state,
The people had been listening to,
The candidates make speeches great.

They had heard, and often cheered
The last white campaign speaker.
Then came forward Guilford Troup,
A Southern, colored office seeker.

Saying, gentlemen, one, and all,
My good friends, and neighbors white
To be elected magistrate,
Old Guilford Troup is in the fight

Long was I justice of the peace,
By republicans elected.
But my administration was
By all of you good men respected.

Many of you democrats,
White gentlemen of worth, and note,
When I ran for magistrate,
Favored Guilford with your vote.

GUILFORD TROUP

Since the new election laws
Disfranchised most all my race,
I ask to be elected by
My white friends living in this place
That I'm an honest, upright man,
You all must surely be aware
For all my life have I lived,
Among you good white people here.

If you will make me magistrate,
My whole duty I will discharge,
In all cases that I shall try,
Whether they be small or large.

The rule of true democracy
Taught several hundred years ago,
Is to obey and rule by turns,
And that you gentlemen well know.

I have helped to elect you,
Now you vote, and elect me,
That is the only way we can,
Be independent, brave, and free.

We must embrace as comon cause
The highest wellfair of the state
Or neither white nor colored can
Be safe, honorable, and great.

When you on election day,
No colored law makers chose,
Much in the way of wealth, and power
This old state is bound to lose.

Few Negroes will accumulate
Wealth to help state burdens bear,
So long as they are not alowed,
It's honors, and rewards to share.

Do you believe in justice, men:
Do you believe in fair play:
Then vote, and make me magistrate,
On the next election day.

GUILFORD TROUP

He then retired from the stage
Mid the shouts of that great throng.
Crying hurrah for Guilford Troup,
And they cheered him loud, and long.

Then mayor Douglass stood up,
Said fellow citizens one, and all,
Every word from Guilford Troup,
Into my very heart did fall.

The elements of statesmanship,
Well did this colored man expound,
To respect, and honor him,
We white people here are bound.

I can vouch for Guilford Troup,
Have known him ever since his birth,
He's got as good a character,
As any one can claim on earth.

When he was magistrate before,
An able justice he did make,
Never have I known him to,
Commit a blunder or mistake.

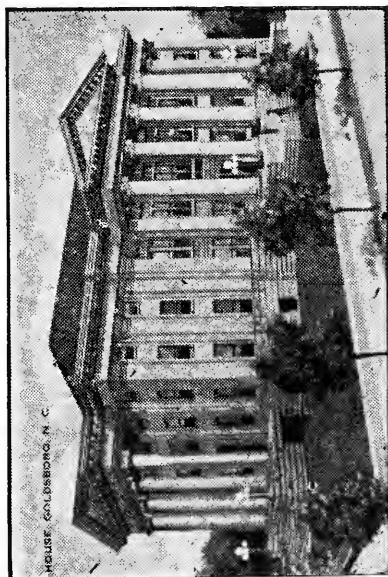
I commend him to you voters,
And you news paper reporters.
No need now for long debate;
We'll make Guilford magistrate.

In the election that succeeded
Troup got all the votes he needed.
It is the general report
That judge Troup holds still his court

Issuing warrants, and subpoenas,
Trying crimes, and misdemeanors,
Wining respect, and admiration,
For his wise administration.







The Courthouse In Goldsboro, N. C.
Where N. D. White Is Practicing Law

The Gods In Council

ON THE NEGRO'S FUTURE

BEhind the western hills, the king of day,
Had traveled draped in evening garments gray;

Night's silvery queen o'er high Olympus nods
Her beams adorns the palace of the gods.

In heaven's parks the gods are on a stroll;
The spacious parks above the northern poll;
All but great Jove heaven's immaculate king;
Who on his throne watches every thing.

Mercury comes from lofty mountain peaks;
Enters the court, and thus, to Jove he speaks:

"Immortal Jove, Mercury comes from play;
Hast thou for me a message to convey?,"
Said Jove to him in language bold, and loud,

"Go thou through the parks above the cloud;

Tell all the gods, this night ere it gets late,

That they must the Negro's cause debate,

Say awful Jove has given this command,

King of the sky, the oceans, and the land.

Delay thou not, out strip the winds in flight;

The Gods in council must convene to night,,"

Quick as thought the winged Mercury flies;

To search the cool recesses of the skies.

Jove on his throne in royal splendor nods,

Awaiting the arrival of the gods.

Soon all the gods, returned from regions cold;

With stately pride assumed their thrones of gold;

As they, with helmets their heads invest;

Jove looks around; and thus the gods addressed;

"Hear all ye gods with immortal brain;

Whose piercing eyes search oceans, and the main;

Whose matchless wisdom Jove himself admires;

Whose opinions he frequently inquires;

When perplexing problems of every kind,

Press upon and agitate my mind.

The senate I convoked in this grand place,

To discuss the future of the Negro race:

That famous race, the greatest one on earth;

'Mong whom all skill, and learning had it's birth

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

When all men else were barbarous, and wild,
In Africa their towns, and cities smiled.
Built they the first palaces of stone;
First monuments, and statues ever known
The chief arts of the world's civilization
Are of the African's own creation.
To all nations they did the light impart;
Their knowledge of science, and of art.
Often I used to go 'mong them, and dwell;
Until they did against my laws rebel.
Their luxuries filled them with foolish pride;
They worshiped idols, my just mandates defied.
In my great wrath I put these people down;
For ages they did grovel on the ground.
Their arrogance did me so provoke,
I placed them under slavery's galling yoke;
Until these haughty people did repent;
Then, being Jove I could not but relent.
To their former worth they are returning;
Much fame, and honor many of them are earning.
Champions have they in every field;
Tremendous power for good they wield.
Their industry in peace, in war their worth,
Have won America fame throughout earth.
But the white race, though savage, ignorant, low;
In England ten centuries ago;
Have, after years of hardship, and disgrace;
Become a vain, haughty, and arrogant race.
They withhold from citizens with black skin,
Those rights, and privileges due all men.
Disgracing them in white community;
Lynching, and mobing them with impunity.
Right, and justice must be done on earth,
To this race of such superior worth.
Before these wrongs should go without redress
I'd save Negroes, destroy all the rest.
Heaven has the wisdom, and the power;
So grapple with this problem for an hour;

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

Involvement yourselves in deep, and grave debate
For on this night we fix the Negro's fate.
Colored scholars have not their course defined;
They groan in darkness, to the future blind.
They grasp at wealth, that dream, or fond delusion
All else to them is chaos, and confusion.
We must that race with statesmanship inspire;
So that they will their equal rights acquire.
A share in government at once demand;
No longer for such gross injustice stand.
We must suggest the things for them to do;
They must stand up like men, and put them through.

They must either remain there, and fight,
Until they gain for themselves every right;
Or move upon a colored reservation;
In some convenient part of their nation;
Where they can have their own state government
And in their nation's congress represent.
Apply you to these methods reason's test;
Weigh you them well, and see which is the best.
In justice's scales I shall your counsels weigh:
In this debate your gravest thoughts display".
Saying these things, he laid his sceptre by;
And waited for the gods to make reply.

Then Pluto the grim monarch of the dead;
Unbound the golden helmet from his head.
Effulgence flashing from his helmet bright,
Filled the senate with a weird light.
Said he "hear you Pluto the sovereign of the dead;
These people greatly puzzle Pluto's head.
Their ghosts departed, black, stout, and strong;
Before my palace portals ever throng.
Awful are the tales of lynching that they tell;
How from cold blooded butchery they fell.
Their solemn groans so pitiful to hear,
Have made me shed many a bitter tear.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

Why advocate a colored reservation
In that great professing christian nation?
There all are free, and equal fore the laws;
There all men have one, and the same cause.
There is advancement in co-operation;
Ignorance, and crime in isolation.
Bid Vulcan mould some canon, and some balls;
Let all the gods within these shining walls;
Make war on those who disfranchise that race;
Destroy all of them in every place.
When their enemies are all destroyed,
Heaven, and earth will cease to be annoyed;
The Negro race will have an equal share;
In ruling their country every where.
There'll be no more lynching, and segregation;
When Negroes help to rule the state, and nation".
Then to his brow Pluto his helmet binds;
And upon his shining throne reclines.

Ceres held up her horn of burnished gold :
That did flowers, fruits, and melons hold:
Gracefully turning it around the while;
Every god, and goddess then did smile.
Said she "hear you the agriculturèl queen;
The worth of Negroes Ceres long has seen.
They excel in arts of peace, and war;
They should have a voice in the law.
In every way they serve their country well;
Enables it all others to excel.
My golden horn from which all men are fed,
Would oft' contain neither meat nor bread;
Was it not for their useful toil;
In the mills, and mines, and on the soil.
The pioneers had died of starvation;
Could not have built the American nation,
Had not Negroes frontier hardships braved,
The white people from starvation saved.
Hon'r Columbus who found the Western world,
Praise Washington who from it England hurled,
Praise Negroes more than any other men,
Without their toil that nation had not been.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

Through four long years of civil war we fought;
With blood, and treasure their freedom bought;
Fired we the north with philanthropic zeal,
To send her missionaries in the field;
In all the Southern states of their nation;
To labor for that race's elevation;
Build schools, and colleges, (a gracious gift);
Negroes from ignorance, and vice to lift.
There are among them many shining lights,
As wise, and worthy as the best of whites.
But the southern white men do organize,
The state governments to monopolize.
They disfranchise, and kill in every place;
To dominate, and rule the colored race.
So far out numbered are they by the whites;
That they by force deprive them of their rights.
The South defies the North, the West, and God;
That broke in pieces slavery's galling rod.
They have again established slavery there;
And defy the gods, and men to interfere.
Has there arrived the sad, illfated hour;
When gods like men before the wrong do cower?
Before we gods should wear this slavish blight;
We should against the whole creation fight.
All the planets from their orbits dash;
All the great worlds into atoms crash.
Then all we gods enthroned in empty space,
Would no more suffer for the human race.
When those brave Northern heroes, and we;
Conquered the South, and set these people free;
We did a very great achievement gain;
We must stand up, and that freedom sustain.
Move them to fight their rights to defend;
We gods will cheerfully assistance lend;
When their foes are all annihilated;
To equal plane all will be elevated:
Take in law, and government their places;
Beside the other strong progressive races.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

Give Negro people college education;
Train them for government in their nation.
Have them excel in sciences, and arts:
Give them noble minds, and pure hearts.
The reservation plan which you suggest,
Is O! Jove I think by far the best.
As long as Negroes live among the whites,
They will deprive them of their rights.
No doubt we could with arms the race defend;
But bloody wars on earth would never end.
Long before the civil war began,
Southern white men formed a mighty clan;
The solid South was that organization;
That fought against the slave's emancipation.
But when the war set free the Negro race,
And they were left living in the same place
Then the solid democratic South,
Resolved to shut in law the Negro's mouth.
Allow them in the government no hand,
So they would still be slaves upon their land.
The Negro people since emancipation,
Have much advanced in wealth, and education.
The North, and West with much delight do see,
The progress of the people they set free.
But Southern whites wilfully shut their eyes;
Refuse to see the colored people rise.
The same contempt, and disrespect they show;
For worthy, and accomplishd as the low.
Black people's skill, and learning they do hate;
Have no respect for the wise, and great.
Give them only very little schooling;
So they nevr would be fit for ruling
To work, and rule black people they do swear;
And give them in the government no share,
To christian character these whites are blind;
They are over three hundred years behind.
Their foolish, insolent, and haughty pride;

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

Does these great truths from their vision hide
Their future now is gloomy, and obscure;
To rush to ruin soon the South is sure.
The greed for gain, and thirst for domination;
Will soon subvert Southern civilization.
But long as negroes live in that South land;
They will be killed, and burned on every hand.
Why have them under such oppression stay;
When to a safe place they can move away.
Congress will give them a reservation;
Embracing several states of their nation.
Where they can have their own government;
Their, own schools; be happy, and content.
The government by black people controled;
Where black men can the highest office hold.
Where black scholars will rulers be elected;
And Negro's lives, and fortunes be protected.
Have black men from the South to separate;
And live in peace in their own towus, and state.
Laid she then the horn of plenty down;
And latched the clasp to her golden crown.

Vesta brandished her scepter over her head;^d
Then to the gods, and goddesses she said,
Hear you the sovereign of all homes,
I rule in huts, and 'neath the palace domes.
To high honors the young I elevate;
Success of all I do facilitate.
My grand temples in classic Greece, and Rome,
Were perfect modles of the ideal home.
On the hearth stone did burn a fire bright;
Minerva's statue stood within the light.
'The stature pictures wisdom, fire love;
Where these exist there's peace like that above.
In Egypt's lofty palaces sublime;
Ruled I over that race in ancient time.
Own they grand mansions with gilded demes
Adorn with statues, pictures, books their homes.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

They are adepts in ornamental art;
By which they quickly captivate the heart.
Their homes are filled with music, and flowers:
They play, and sing through long happy hours.
Throughout the home is thorough sanitation.
Good heat, and light and perfect ventilation.
My advice is let all gods, and men;
Uplift the slothful ones from vice, and sin,
Give the ignorant Negroes education,
They'll be more help, and honor to the nation.
Of safety no one is ever sure,
No people's rights have ever been secure,
Unless they are ever ready to fight
To defend their every right
Those who would always continue free;
Must ever brave, and vigilant be.
The same valor must freedom sustain;
That it requires that freedom first to gain.
The weak must always war against the strong:
But right will ever triumph over wrong.
Negroes must bravely their rights assert:
In their defense, all their powers exert.
Heaven, and earth will strong assistance lend;
Help them every lawful right defend.
Never encourage them to move away:
But battle bravely for their rights, and stay.
She then reclined upon her shining throne;
Waiting some god to make his counsels known.
Fair Diana raised her silver bow:
[It's effulgence did in the senate glow.
Saying "hear you the vernal forest queen,
I live in groves among the ever-green.
Put I enchantment into the sylvan bowers,
Fill the forest with lovely birds, and flowers,
Rule over fountains, lakes, and silvery streams.
Make them romantic like the land of dreams,
I often shield the wild game in the chase,
I am a friend to the Negro race.
When the bleeding slaves of dark complexion
Came in my woods I gave them all protection

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

Black people all should have the manly pride,
Not to want to live the whites beside,
Since to colored neighbors they object,
And do not treat black people with respect.
When any white person can at his will;
Colored men, and women wound, and kill.
Long as Black men are governed by the whites,
They will trample under foot their rights.
Would you give them complete emancipation,
Have them move on a colored reservation.
There black men can to government aspire,
And lofty honors in the state acquire".
Said this, and hung her bow upon the wall,
It's bright effulgence quivered through the hall.
Letting his hammer on his anvil fall;
Vulcan awoke his nodding comrades all.
Saying, hear you the architect divine;
Both rare and useful metals I refine.
In machine shops throughout all creation;
Vulcanian arts teach I to every nation.
My votaries do the gods imitate;
They manufacture things both small, and great
In England in Elizabeth's age;
A silver smith became an honored sage;
When he did make a chain with lock, and key;
which leeked he around the neck of a flea.
With them the flea could hop, they were so small
As if he had round him nothing at all.
Forge they the microscopic spring, and wheel;
Huge locomotives, ships, and beams of steel.
Industrious, Negroes have always been;
In days of old they did my friendship win.
Those robust men with brawny muscles strong,
Wield the ponderous hammer all day long.
They can all machines manipulate:
Useful inventions many they create.
Helping to make all human burdens light,
Rivalling the inventors 'mong the white.
The multiplex railway telegraph,
Was produced by Granvill T. Wood's craft.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

With it one train can signal to another,
And avoid colisions with eachother.
Far may they be a part, and fast a runing.
This can be done by this contrivance cunning.
A breathing helmet made Morgan a Negro,
With which one can through smoke with
comfort go.

Burkins contrived a rapid firing gun,
Fighting war with which is only fun.
The first machine for sewing soles on shoes,
A colored man contrived, so reads the news.
You potent gods, and goddesses reflect,
They've advanced more than we did expect.
Though they make their mistakes, and blunders
In fifty years they have achieved wonders.
They need protection from the lawless mob;
The frauds who do them of their earnings rob.
Help that race obtain a fir field;
See that they get a square, and honest deal.
Sure as this hammer on this anvil falls,
The black people will enter honor's hall.
After a half century's duration,
And black people's wondrous elevation;
Those whites would still inslave the negro race
And heap on them every known disgrace.
There is no hope of reconciliation:
Give black people their reservation.
A few farming states to them assign,
They will soon be highly improved, and fine:
There many a farm, factory, mill,
Will show their industry, and skill.
Their towns, and cities every where,
Will blossom out with stately mansions fair.
Colored legislators would laws create;
Colored rulers would govern every state.
Courts would be conducted in all places;
By judges, and jurors with black faces
There'd be no jimcrow laws, and segregation
In the colored people's reservation.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

There all citizens of dark complexion,
Would live in peace under the law's protection.
The young in colleges would graduate;
To serve their God, their race, and their state"
Said this, and threw his hammer to the floor,
Reclined upon his throne, and said no more.

Apollo plays upon his lyre of gold,
The mellow music pleases every soul.
Said "listen to the emperor of fate,
Future events I do prognosticate.
Black people soon will have a reservation,
Upon some territory of that nation,
With Pluto's counsels I cannot agree:
The wisdom of his stand I fail to see.
How can it help the cause of black or white
To be eternally involved in fight?
But sure as the sun lights up the day,
They'll fight as long as they together stay.
The whites keep down their colored neighbor
So they can have cheap, and ignorant labor.
Colored citizens they disfranchise;
So they can government monopolize.
Divert they printing press, and lecture stage,
Against black men eternal war to wage.
To load them with infamy, and disgrace,
So they will be hated by the white race.
White histories, drama, literature,
Are thus contaminated, and impure.
No aid to christian civilization;
But cruel instruments of domination.
The chief aim in the southern white's mind,
Is to keep the colored people behind.
They advocate in all race books they write,
The world's domination by the white.
They would all white's with color hatred fill,
So they will let them disfranchise, and kill,
Negroes in the southern community;
And that with absolute impunity.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL.

When color hatred thus is propagated,
Colored, and white should be separated.
This will result in the elevation,
Of both races to higher civilization.
If they don't quickly separate these races;
Have them live apart in separate places,
Anarchy will shortly ruin all;
Southern civilization soon must fall".
Said this, and played again upon his lyre;
Then behind his throne he did retire.

Flashes Mars his stern, and glittering eyes
Which like lightning quiver through
the skies.

Saying "hear the god of war immortal Mars:
I wreck vast empires, and blot out stars.
Dethrone injustice, tyrants disarm;
Deprive rulers of power to do harm.
Negroes I have known since days of old:
On battle fields they are skilful, and bold.
Charging over the fort's thundering walls,
In the face of deadly canon balls.
"Though they have complexion black as night,
These dauntless warriors like the gods do fight.
With elephants scaled Hanibal the Alps:
Made war upon the Romans, took their scalps.
When in Haiti Negroes were held in slavery;
They were set free by Toussaint's bravery.
Badly defeating England, France and Spain;
Founded that republic with his own brain.
In all wars of America's history,
The way black men have fought is a mystery
Their valor, and military skill,
Won them eternal fame on Sanjuan hill.
Black people will soon their wrongs resent;
Then their foes will those wrongs repent.
Gods, and men should gainst injustice fight;
Give to all men protection in the right.
I disapprove of the reservation:
There is no need of a separation.
The colored race can live among the white;
And be accorded there every right.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

This is an age of rapid reformation,
Many grave evils old as creation;
Are from this planet being eradicated:
Soon all wrongs will be annihilated.
Slavery was put out of commission:
Intemperance did yield to prohibition.
Now old grim war the greatest scourge of all;
To the reformer's efforts soon must fall.
Soon disfranchisement, lynching segregation;
Will be abolished throughout that nation.
Race trouble there is caused by politics:
By office seeker's cunning schemes, and tricks.
The whites with color prejudice they fill;
Which causes them to disfranchise, and kill:
And that with absolute impunity;
Black men in Southern white community.
But it is driving laborers away:
They see that disfranchisement does not pay.
Soon they'll come to treat black people fair;
And give them in the government a share.
Have them take up arms, and bravely fight:
Until white men concede them every right".
Then dropped Mars his sword on the floor:
Reclined upon his throne, and said no more.
With lance Minerva gave her shield a stroke
The silver tone the sleeping gods awoke.
Her helmet lifting from her curls of gold;
Her counsels she proceeded to unfold. ¶
Saying "Pallas has listened with delight, ¶
To you who said separate black, and white.
Dwell I with scholars, and heroic men:
Through me they do lofty achievements win.
I assist inventors, and authors all:
My thoughts prevail in court, and council hall.
Negroes have ever been my chief delight:
That race has equal powers with the white.
Champions brave have they in all professions
Who on the age have made good impressions.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

In art they have a matchless fame achieved:
Much praise and honor many have received.
Their terse pictures, busts, and statues all,
Grace many a niche, adorn many a hall
Colleges, and schools of every kind,
Are rapidly improving the Negro's mind.
Their scholars are going in long processions,
To the foremost ranks in all professions.
Black men in a half century did win,
More than the whites achieved in ten.
Then why should they the colored people hate
Why should we gods their wrongs tolerate?
Wisdom's goddess counsels you to night,
To give the colored people more light.
Black barbers, porters, and waiters in hotel;
Their dignity for meager presents sell.
Some work as hard as oxen every day:
For pleasure throw their money all away.
For a quarter they'll kiss a drummer's feet;
Stand by, and fan him while he sits to eat:
Then if they are not treated like great men;
They say it is because they have black skin
True Americans hate not his race:
But scorn all men who are servile, and base;
Like children most Negroes eat, sleep, and play
With no forecast for the future day.
White men most factories, and mills possess:
Black people most their money spend for dress.
Revel some in debauchery, and shame:
Those who don't respect them are't to blame.
Let black people produce more money kings:
Build stores, mills, and that kind of things.
Establish then commercial relations
With the people of all foreign nations.
When they shall hire white, and colored men
The honor due to masters they will win.
This race problem is not a mystery:
The key to such is the world's history.
You will find chronicled upon it's pages;
Men fighting for freedom in all ages.
Some people fight, and gain their liberty:
Some emigrate to where they will be free.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

They win their freedom in either case:
By war or moving to another place.
The Jews from Egypt slavery fled,
To the promised land, by Moses led.
The surfs of France did the nobles fight:
And achieved every human right.
Swarms of men from the old world do flee.
To the new world that there they might be free
Circumstances ever will suggest;
Whether to fight or migrate is the best.
Where the oppressed are in minority
Wronged by foes in large majority;
There is a plain, positive indication;
That the oppressed should seek a reservation.
Let gods, and men their powers employ,
To elevate every black girl, and boy.
Before another century rolls around,
A higher plane black people shall have found.
The colored, and the white must separate,
Or neither race will ever become great.
Colored people must have a reservation,
In some convenient part of their nation.
Before you gods do this statement dispute,
Leave you the surface, delve down to the root.
The cause of race conflicts is pride, and greed,
Among the white, and black who are in lead.
The whites to hold all rule, and domination,
Give to the blacks manual education:
So that with trades, and but a little learning;
For ruling they'll have no skill nor yearning.
Thus shrewdly they have won back slavery,
Which once they lost by Northern bravery.
Through indolence, fraud, and collusion;
Black teachers add to this race confusion.
And do their race in slavish ignorance hold,
Because for poor teaching get they gold.
Would that I had them within these walls,
And all that money mould into balls;

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

Loaded in a canon or a mortar;
 I would those coward black teachers slaughter:
 It is a fact, and not mere suspicion;
 That the Southern white race commission;
 Of white college presidents composed;
 Says to the colored race the college close
 They say train colored people for to labor;
 But not to think with their white neighbor.
 White churches, and their Y.M.C.A;
 Endorse what these college professors say.
 Thus the strongest white men hold the chain
 That keep black people slaves on that plane.
 They made pledges to Northern people white;
 To respect black people's every right.
 Said they would of their interest take care,
 If northern people would not interfere.
 You see these statements now were only lies:
 They ment only to kill, and disfranchise.
 What have they done for the people black;
 Nothing atall but bring slavery back.
 Of other wars on them there is no need:
 War after war would rapidly succeed;
 'Til there would not be much of either race:
 Living in the South in any place.
 Move colored people on a reservation:
 Protect both races from annihilation".
 Then she laid aside her golden shield:
 Into it's sheath her shining sword concealed.
Brandishing his trident Neptune speaks:
 His words echo among the mountain
 peaks.
 Said "hear Neptune, king of the briny deep:
 From my chrystal palace go I and peep:
 Among the people living on the shore;
 See their progress, their handi-works explore.
 And to you potent gods I do declare;
 That most black men are servants everywhere.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

I recomend as best for both the races,
Living a part in different places.
Then leave you them alone to live or die:
They can be independent if they try".
Said this, and dashed his trident to the floor;
Sat upon his throne, and said no more.

Juno took off her splendid jeweled crown:
Upon her golden altar laid it down.
"Oh Jove" said she "this royal council end.
Back to their sport these wise immortals send.
Withdraw thy mind from gvaue meditation:
Retire to rest, and take recreation.
Let the Negroes no longer Jove annoy:
On lovelier scenes thine eyes employ.
My white steeds, and my golden car is near;
Ride with Juno through the heavens fair.
we'll drive around the spacious milky way:
The lovely scenes will thy cares allay.
Dashing around that grand gallaxy bright;
We will behold many a splendid sight.
The solar systems ih that ring sublime,
Will charm our eyes for centuries of time.
As queen of gods, and thy consort divine,
Respect the timely promptings of my mind.
I've tried to appease as thy loyal wife,
'Thy deep, withering troubles all my life.
Some of ye gods have ably expressed,
The grave oppinions in Juno's breast.
That after centuries of war, and strife;
After enornus sacrifice of life;
White, and black might live in the same state,
And become peaceful, prosperous, and great;
Both attain to higher elevation,
And much improve the world's civilization:
I admit that these changes might take place:
After the near destruction of each rae.
We were given for determination,
The best method, war or reservat.on.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL

For the protection of black people's rights,
From the disfranchisement of the whites.
Also from murder with impunity;
In every Southern community.
What ye would gain by braking up the nation,
I would achieve that by a reservation.
How easily could the colored race,
Emigrate away to some other place;
Set apart for their reservation;
In some teritory of their nation".
She then placed on her head her golden crown;
And upon her golden throne sat down.
Waiting some god her counsels to dispute;
Advance reasons her teaching to refute.
Mercury shook the wings upon his cap,
Every god and goddess heard them flap.
Saying "hear you the god's messenger boy;
To see black people triumph is my joy.
Let every one of the celestial train,
Go down, and improve each heart, and brain.
Into their souls celestial light convey;
They will in worth thy services repay.
Give colored people higher education;
Give them some states for a reservation.
'Gainst black men is the entire weight,
Of the Southern white college, church, and state.
They recomend unequal education,
For black, and white people in that nation.
They train the whites within college walls;
For services in legislative halls.
They train black people's hands and arms,
To labor in their mines, mills, and farms.
Unfitted for to lead or help make laws
Or to defend their own, and race's cause.
Be ignorant slaves on white man's plantation
Just like they were before emancipation.
It is a deep disgrace, and eating shame;
Eternal blight npon the Southern name;
That it's leading white men are combined;
To keep black people poor weak, and blind.
Give colored people equal education;
Give them a hand in ruling their nation.

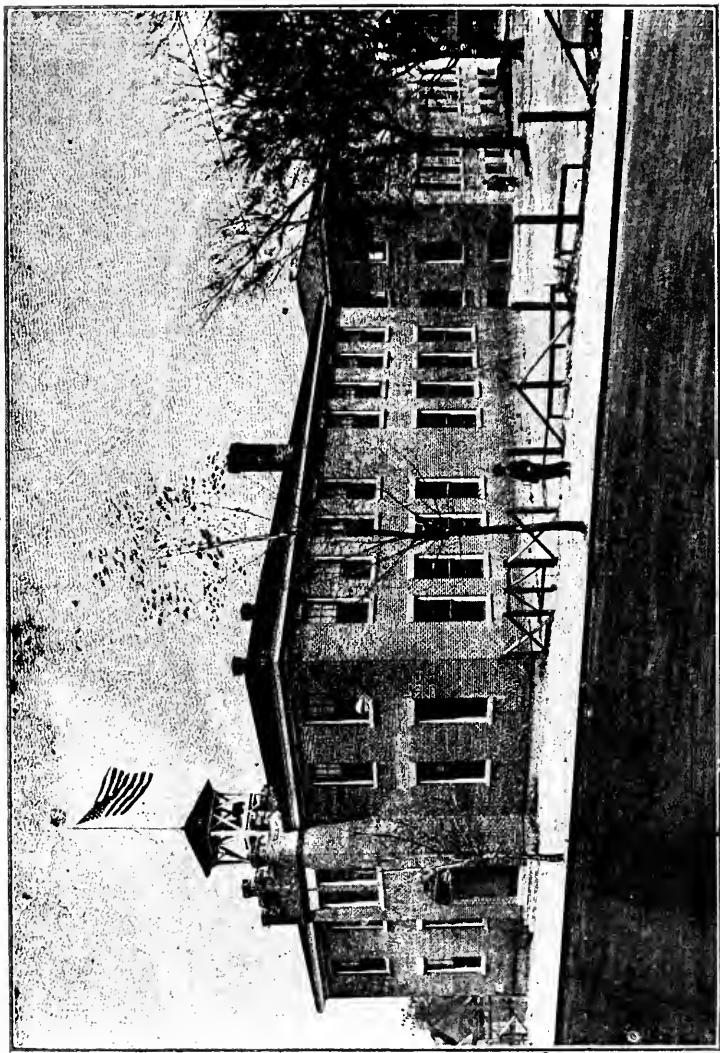
THE GODS IN COUNCIL

Cultivate the brain, and train the hand;
So they can for themselves, and nation stand.
The chief use of industrial education,
Is to protect people against starvation.
All articles of commerce to produce;
To make all things for ornament, and use.
But those who have a college education,
Can help govern their states, and nation
They can many helpful plans suggest,
By which their race, and nation will be blessed.
Against all wrong a fierce war they can wage;
And solve the problems of their race, and age.
Can produce books, lecture, and help make laws
And ably defend their people's cause.
College education is a great ship,
In which one can in honor make life's trip.
Industrial training is a life boat,
In which when ship sinks one still may float.
As all huge ships do you more safely ride;
Because they with life-boats them provide;
So with your complete college education,
You will more surely reach a higher station;
If you are master of some useful trade;
To follow if your star of hope should fade.
It is a most dangerous affair'
Upon the stormy sea of life to dare,
In nothing but a small canoe to ride;
Exposed to stormy winds, and swelling tide.
Assign to them a special reservation:
Where they can all get college education".
He then resumed his massive golden chair;
Waited for Jove his judgment to declare.
The gods, and goddesses all held their breath;
Within the hall was silence still as death.
Then Jove stroked the hair upon his head;
In deep, and measured sentences he said;
"Thy counsels all are very rich, and splendid;
And are to the highest to be commended.
Heaven on the right does soon decide;
Averting danger is celestial pride.
While some support one view, some the other;
All ye are friendly to the colored brother.

THE GODS IN COUNCIL.

Have all the gods their potent powers employ
To improve every black girl, and boy.
Minerva, give them higher education;
Have them make good after graduation.
See that black scholars stand up for the right;
Have them for truth, and justice ever fight.
Teach them to love those who for them fought.
With blood, and valor their freedom bought.
Make those heroes so dear to their hearts,
That they will reproduce them in the arts.
Mars teach them proficiency in arms;
Ceres help them to make productive farms;
Help them Vulcan in steel work to excel;
Pallas help them in statesmanship do well.
If their skill, efficiency, and worth;
Be not honored throughout the spacious earth
Upon my word 'twill give me boundless joy;
To fight their foes, and all of them destroy,
Finish this task ye gods without delay;
Then ye may all resume your sport, and play.
The reservation advocates prevail;
By a greatly preponderating scale.
It also has my fullest approbation;
Black citizens must have a reservation.
From the white south black people emigrate;
And settle in their own cities, and state,
Liberia on the African coast;
Contains a mighty thriving colored host.
A black republic with self government;
With loyal citizens, proud, and content.
Haiti, and Sandomingo comes in line;
Other colored republics rich, and fine.
Mound Bayou Mississippi is a city;
Owned, and controled by colored people witty-
Boley Oklahoma is another;
Owned, and governed by the colored brother.
These instances do plainly demonstrate,
That black people can govern their state.
Separate the colored from the white:
I now dissolve the council for to night".





The Colored Graded School Of New Bern, N.C., Prof. John Barber, Principal.



Go To School

G-rand are those souls who use their education
O-n this planet for the good of all.

T-orch bearers are they of civilization:
O-rnaments, shining in honor's hall.

S-acrifices make they for truth, and right:
C-ooly they battle against evils strong:
H-old they up ever reason's shining light:
O-ppose they manfully every wrong.
O-nward black friends, get higher education:
L-earn you to lead the race, state, and nation.



Alpha School

Alpha colored school-house;
Spacious, tall, and grand;
Among the stately elms,
Imposingly did stand.

The campus filled with shade trees-
And beds of flowers bright;
That lovely April morning,
Was a splendid sight.

The sexton tolled the school bell:
It wrang out loud, and clear:
Reminding all the students,
That opening time was near.

Soon crowds of jolly students;
Yellows, browns, and blacks;
Came rushing to the school-house-
With books in their sacks.

A white man through his window
Saw them run, skip, and hop:
Said if I had my way,
That Negro school should stop.

I can't get one of them,
To drive, to plow, or hoe:
You can't get a black girl
To nurse, and cook you know.

Besides, they are unmanerly;
With them the jails are filled:
If I could have my way,
I'd have all Negroes killed".

"Don't be so cruel John":
Said his good little wife:
"You know you have no right
To take any one's life.

Will, and Sally would work,
If they could get their pay:
Instead of that you cursed them,
And drove them both away.

ALPHA SCHOOL

These school-children black
Are Negroes it is true;
But they have right to learn,
As well as me, and you.

So don't sit, and complain,
Because to school they go:
For that's the only way,
They can be great you know".

Going on the children
Met the banker John Dove;
Whose cheerful face, and smiles,
All the children love.

"Good morning mister Dove:
How is your health to day":
All of the children spoke
In a respectful way.

The banker then responded,
With a graceful bow;
Saying "thank you children;
My health is splendid now".

Going home the banker,
Sat down beside his wife;
To discuss some phases
Of their city's life.

Said he "the black school children
Are brilliant, and polite.
They have better deportment,
Than any of the white.

I tell the colored teachers,
Their work is really splendid:
And to the very highest,
Is to be commended.

There's little Henry Morgan;
Hall's delivery man;
Can read, and write much better,
Than you, and I can.

ALPHA SCHOOL

Hall says he does more work
Than any other boy;
Since he went in business,
He's had in his employ.

This suit of mine was made
Last spring by William Brown:
A colored merchant taylor;
The best we have in town.

Frank Smith, a colored lawyer,
My Herman estate won,
After the white lawyers
Said it could not be done.

But for doctor Malcom,
My mother would have died:
The black doctor cured her:
When whites had vainly tried.

We pay for our folly,
When we don't honor worth:
There are black men as able,
As any men on earth.

We, the graded school board,
Are making preparation,
To give colored children,
Better education.

To their present school house,
We'll build another story:
Insall them a library.
And a laboratory.

In proportion as we
Do both races educate;
We do from our city,
All crime eliminate.

Lawyer Smith that morning
Heard the colored school bell:
Called on the school to see,
If all were doing well.

ALPHA SCHOOL

He sat in their midst:
It gave him much delight,
To see boys, and girls,
Stand up, and recite.

At noon he addressed them;
Said "children one, and all;
I began my school life,
within this very hall.

Now I practice law,
In the court houses grand;
'Mong able counselors'
I ever make my stand.

Let me advise you to
Complete your education:
Then take up, and follow,
Some useful occupation.

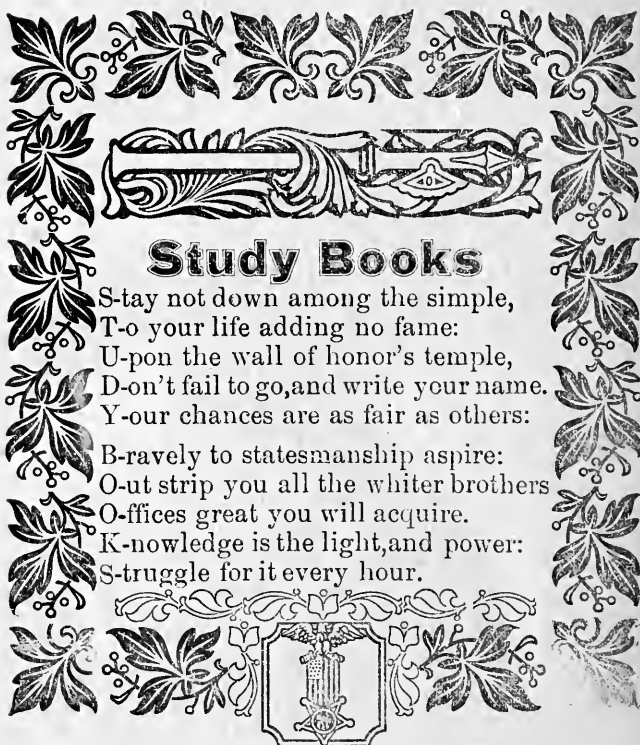
Would you be able lawyers;
Doctors, and statesmen great,
You must be wise, and virtuous
Citizens of your state.

All duties owed your nation;
To do should be your care:
It's burdens, and it's blessings,
You should ever share.

Don't think you can't succeed,
Because your face is black:
All those who think that way,
Are always standing back.

The world is ruled these days
By skilful brain, and hand:
Those who come with these,
Are always in demand.

Many of our nation's
Most distinguished men,
Have been colored people,
With the blackest skin".



Study Books

S-tay not down among the simple,
T-o your life adding no fame:
U-pon the wall of honor's temple,
D-on't fail to go, and write your name.
Y-our chances are as fair as others:
B-ravely to statesmanship aspire:
O-ut strip you all the whiter brothers
O-ffices great you will acquire.
K-nowledge is the light, and power:
S-truggle for it every hour.



Study Books

Heavenly Goddesses, and Muses;
In the shining realms of light:
To inform the colored race:
I do the worth of books recite.

Books are important guide posts:
In this wilderness of doubt;
Look to them my colored friends:
Surely they will help you out.

Books are stepping stones to fortunes
They pave the way to honor's hall:
The wings by which we fly to fame;
In professions one, and all.

Books will elevate all races,
To the same lofty plane:
By training, and cultivating,
Every hand, heart, and brain.

By reading books dilligently,
The blackest ones can if they will;
Achieve great honors, and distinction;
Reach the summit of life's fair hill.

Books are real golden chariots;
Drawn by steeds of truth, and light:
In which the colored race can ride,
And quickly overtake the white.

You must master many books,
To have a thorough education:
Then your minds will be so trained,
That you can advance civilization.

Finish up a college course:
Their curriculums contain,
All the studies that you need,
For to cultivate your brain.

Master you arithmetic:
Algebra then you must go through;
Finish up geometry;
And trigonometry too.

STUDY BOOKS

Study you the sciences:

Logics, and psychology;

Botany, and chemistry;

Physics, and geology.

Learn you well the chronicles,

Of your nation, state, and home:

Be masters of the histories,

Of France, England, Greece, and Rome

Don't stop until you shall have read

The politics of every nation:

Master the law, and statesmanship;

The key-stone of civilization.

You must learn the languages:

English, Latin, and the Greek;

Peruse you their best authors:

And to glean their wisdom seek.

Then all of you should specialize,

Master some profession, or trade:

In which you always can get work;

And for your service be well paid.

In schools, and universities,

You'll find all the books you need:

And teachers to explain to you,

The meaning of the things you read.

Don't stop until you finish up,

The general, and special course;

And on this planet you will be,

An irresistible force.

That is the only way you can,

Stand your ground among great men;

And in the world of wrong, and strife,

Battles for truth, and justice win.

Read the bible, it is the light:

Live up to the golden rule:

On the Lord's day never fail,

To go to church, and Sunday-school.

STUDY BOOKS

In the spacious word of thought,
Within the library's sacred walls;
Where the light through china globules
On the pages softly lalls.

You can see the soul's immortal
How like heaven is that place.
Where all famous men of history,
Meet you with a shining face.

Each in turn will entertain you:
They will never tire nor sleep;
Will fill your soul with information;
And console you when you weep.

You can call back all past ages;
Live in classic Greece, and Rome;
'Mong their orators, and poets,
You can feel yourselves at home.

'Mong the flowers of Arcadia;
On Parnassus among the muse;
You can fill your soul with culture,
And turn it all to some good use:

He who owns a little library,
Is a wealthy man indeed:
Pooring over it's precious contents,
Is all the pleasure one does need.

Facts for which the wisest sages,
Long did burn the midnight oil;
Facts for which the world's heroes,
Many centuries did toil;

Facts that have uplifted nations,
And of men have been the making,
Fill the pages of your volumes,
Which you can have for the taking.

Look through words to their ideas:
While engaged in reading books;
As one who through the open door,
Of a furnished mansion looks.

STUDY BOOKS



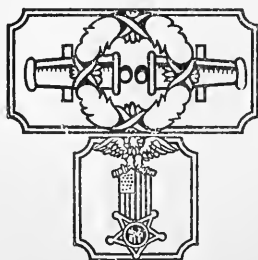
See all the author tries to show you:
Photograph it on your mind:
Associate those mental pictures,
With others similar in kind.

Then the more books you master,
The more broad your minds will grow
You can solve the hardest problems:
And injustice overthrow.

Book perusal sets in motion,
The machinery of your mind
Starts you ont in search of honors:
Enables you greatness to find.

Though you are a poor black servant;
Books to yon will be a boat,
In which to sail away from bondage,
To the shores of fame, and note.

Why in the gloom of ignorance,
Do you colored people lye,
When on the mighty wings of books,
You can to fame, and honor fly.





Get Education

G-race thy heads with lofty honors grand
E-ternal praises for thy service great.
T-o the people of thine age, and land;
E-ndeavor thy race to emancipate.
D-efend the honor of thy self, and race;
U-phold the truth, justice, peace, and right
C-ount all other living dire disgrace:
A-gainst thy race's many foes fight.
T-ake up, and master higher education;
I-independent thinking we require:
O-f those who lead our race, and nation:
N-ow to able leader-ship aspire.



Higher Education

Like the vessels in the harbor,
To the mighty piers chained;
Are all the schools, and colleges,
Where men for life's work are trained.

Those who quit in primary branches;
Are like canoes of deer hide:
They can venture on small streamlets:
But dare not brave the ocean wide.

Those who only finish normal;
As in little sail boats brave,
They can cross a peaceful ocean;
Gliding over the glossy wave.

But when the sea with storms are angry,
And the billows growl, and roar;
Then must all the proud little sail boats,
Fold their wings, and keep near shore.

Those who take the college courses,
As in the strong iron clad ships;
When other boats must stay in harbor,
They can make their regular trips.

When the sea is lashed to fury,
By the dreadful ocean storm;
They can keep right on their voyage,
Without much danger, or alarm.

Life's voyage lies through stormy oceans:
And would you it with honors make;
Fit your selves with ample learning;
Before that voyage you undertake.

Get high school or college training:
Have a powerful intellect:
Then launch out upon life's billows:
You need never fear ship wreck.

My dear colored friends, and comrades,
Would you in congress gain a place:
Help to rule your state, and nation;
And your heads with honors grace.

GET HIGHER EDUCATION



Would you lynching eradicate;
Procure justice, and protection;
And a voice in government;
For citizens of dark complexion;
Study statesmanship, and classics:
Get you powerful education:
Then you can grapple with all problems;
Be masters of the situation.



Strong University

Strong University had finished,
A successful scholastic year:
To her commencement exercises,
People had come from far, and near.

Singing, essays, and orations;
Had been heard with much delight;
Many medals' and diplomas,
Had been awarded scholars bright.

Doctor manly in his lecture,
Said "you have my congratulation:
For your excellent deportment;
And your thorough graduation.

These are really golden moments:
To which you'll ever point with pride:
When to your character, and culture;
The seal of this school was applied.

Let the golden crown of honor,
That we place upon each head;
On your dear alumnater,
Some bright rays of lustre shed.

Winning battles for your people,
Achieve eternal fame, and glory:
Immortalize your never dying,
Names in art, song, and story.

The greatest good to any people,
Of a college education;
Is that it equipments scholars,
For accurate investigation:

Into all of the profound problems,
That we encounter on this ball:
To grapple with great difficulties:
And to overcome them all.

Makes men philosophers, and sages:
Able the truth to search, and find:
Among the world's conflicting theories
And errors of every kind.

STRONG UNIVERSITY

Makes you as statesmen wise, and able,
To work all needed reformation;
Of evils in the government,
Of your county, state, and nation.

Brave champions of truth, and right;
With hearts stout, and minds strong;
Who had rather die for justice,
Than to live, and suffer wrong.

Who aspire to fame, and honor,
Rather than to ease, and gold;
Lead nations on to liberty;
Become heroes most wise, and bold.

In the arts, and sciences,
You must discover, and improve:
Invent better machinery:
Not follow in the beaten groove.

'Tis yours to make history,
For your race, state, and nation;
And to extend the boundaries,
Of the world's civilization.

By wining for yourselves, and race,
The right to vote, and help make laws:
And by manfully defending,
Your oppressed people's cause.

You must achieve self government,
For your disfranchised race;
Or cowardise will blight your record,
To your great shame and disgrace.

It will always be said of you;
That you are void of bravery:
In this world of dauntless heroes,
Only fit for slavery.

Take for your highest earthly aim;
All disfranchisement to destroy:
Have a hand in government:
It's privileges all enjoy.

STRONG UNIVERSITY

Where else beneath the heavens,
Can you find twelve million men,
Living under government,
That they have no part in?

This disfranchisement is the cause,
Of lynching, burning, segregation:
And disgracing our people,
In southern states of our nation.

It is far more honorable,
Battling for the right to fall,
Than to be ruled over by others;
As the most worthless men of all.

Then go forward, and free thy people:
Or lead them to another land:
For only fools, and worthless cowards;
Do such slavish treatment stand.

What were Greece without her heroes;
Themistocles' and other braves;
Only a weak, and conquered nation:
A host of groaning Persian slaves.

What were Rome without her valor:
Her Caesar, Pompey, Scipio?
A slavish, and obscure people,
That the world would hardly know.

Without Washington, Gates, and Henry;
And other heroes of our nation;
We would be colonists this day;
Under English subjugation.

But for Sherman, Grant, and Thomas;
And other union soldiers brave;
You graduates with your diplomas,
Would every one now be a slave.

If you let the crave for riches,
To these great lessons blind your eyes;
To honor, fame, and independence,
You can never hope to rise.

STRONG UNIVERSITY

You must know that wealth is useful;
Chiefly for making preparation;
To perform the greatest servise;
To your people, God, and nation.

Those who take the quest of riches,
For their highest earthly aim;
End their lives in disappointment,
Misery, disgrace, and shame.

Emulate our doctor Tupper:
Founder of this famous school:
Whose dear remains are now reposing;
'Neath this shady campus cool.

Who battled through the civil war,
For our emancipation;
Built this school, and labored in it,
For black people's elevation.

Long as a man is left on earth,
To read his philanthropic story;
People will admire, and praise,
His eternal fame, and glory.

We must have an equal share;
In governing our state:
Or from the dominating whites;
The black people must separate.

We must have congress set apart,
For us a spacious reservation,
Where we can have self government:
And national representation.

The exercises now were over:
Students leaving on every train:
But in the university,
A few young men did still remain.

The moon above the stately buildings,
Most splendidly, and grandly lingers:
Like a shining silver medal,
Held out for some hero's fingers.

STRONG UNIVERSITY

The stars shown like brilliant trophies,
Hanging around on heaven's wall;
Achieved by noble champions,
The most famous heroes of all.

The light shown brightly through a
window;

In the lofty dormitory:
'Twas in lawyer battle's chamber:
Away up in the third story.

Three graduates were there assembled:
Discussing the doctor's oration:
Resolving to obtain their share,
Of rulership in state, and nation.

Lawyer Battle, doctor Bracey,
And scholarly professor Strong;
Swore to break up disfranchisement:
To our race the greatest wrong.

Swore to gain an equal share;
Of offices in state, and nation:
Or have congress assign to us,
A special colored reservation.

Where brilliant colored scholars,
Can to office be elected;
And under colored government;
Our people be protected.

Where to masterly statesmanship,
Colored students can aspire:
The highest honors in their country;
They can seek for; and acquire.

Where these noble sentiments,
Will colored people actuate,
To achieve independence:
Become most honorable, and great.

The doctor rolled up his diploma.
And hung it on the door key:
Saying "what good is this parchment,
In this slavish country to me?"

STRONG UNIVERSITY

We have to work, and pay taxes,
This government to help maintain;
But no state government position,
Here can colored people gain.

I can practice medicine,
In this southern community;
But what is that when my people,
They murder with impunity.

I quite agree with doctor Manly;
We must have representation,
In state, and county governments,
Or a colored reservation.

We can never peacefully,
Gain here our legal rights;
So greatly are we out numbered,
In this country by the whites.

They have banded themselves together,
Our people to disfranchise:
So to honor, and independence
Here we can never hope to rise.

Another bloody civil war,
Must be fought out in this land;
Before in southern governments,
We can hope to have a hand.

Reading over his diploma
The scholarly professor said,
Than to live here as a slave,
I had by far rather be dead.

Whatever may be necessary,
To protect our every right,
Whether to have a reservation;
Or stand up like men, and fight;

I am willing now, and ready
To make the decisive move;
And carry out most fearlessly,
Whatever course we here approve.

STRONG UNIVERSITY

The lawyer unrolled his diploma
And the document he read:
Then placing it upon the mantle,
To his learned comrads he said;

"I am a bachelor of arts:
Also bachelor of laws;
I am a fearless defender,
Of my injured people's cause.

I'll make any sacrifice;
To gain fair play, and protection;
And a share in government,
For the race of dark complexion.

If our school's heroic founder,
Doctor Tupper wise, and brave;
Could get up, and come among us,
Back from yonder honored grave;

See twelve million colored people,
For whose freedom he bravely fought,
And for whose culture, and uplifting;
He did great achievements wrought,

See them disfranchised, and murdered;
Having in government no hand;
It would be more than the hero's
Noble heart, and mind could stand.

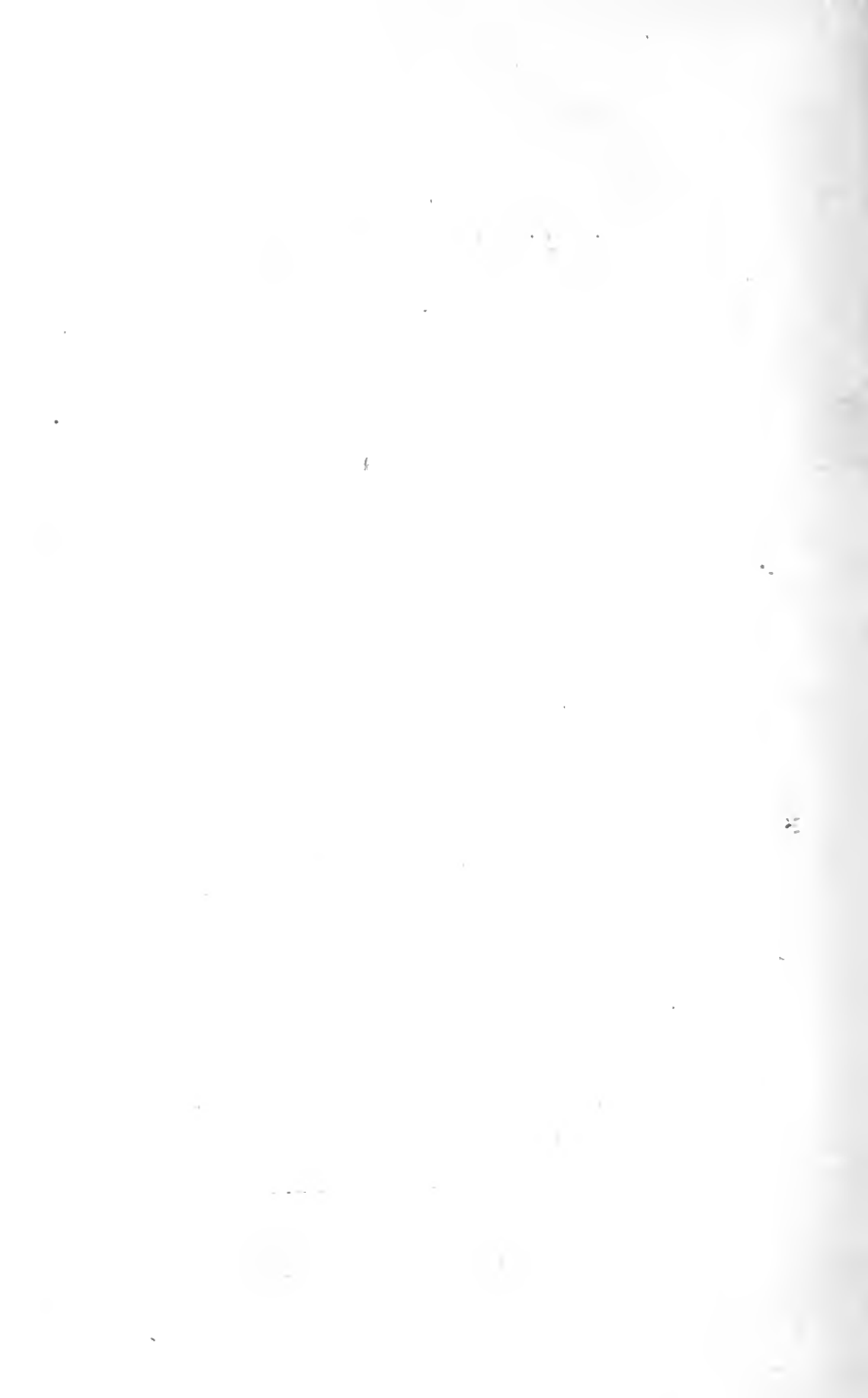
In a war for equal rights,
He would we colored men employ;
If we refused to go, and fight,
He would this famous school destroy.

We'll have congress to set a part,
Some states for our reservation;
In some part of America,
With large colored population.

Then fast as they'll agree to sell,
Buy all land there owned by whitemen;
Sell it in turn to colored people;
From other sections moving in.



New Bern, Graded School Band





STRONG UNIVERSITY

Buy then all land owned by Negroes,
In other states throughout the nation;
Sell it to white people moving,
From the colored reservation.

And in the colored people's district,
Sell to the white people no lands,
Except for business enterprises;
Employing only colored hands.

Sell no land to colored people,
To live upon in the white states,
Except for mills, and factories;
Which white labor operates.

Then in less than a decade,
We'd all live in the reservation:
Enjoying self government;
In congress have representation.

His brilliant comrades then arose'
And shook lawyer Battle's hand:
Told him his reservation method,
Was splendid, unique, and grand.



women's Rights

Ye shining heavenly Goddesses,
Sing, and shout with joy, and glee:
Because thy daughters on this planet,
Are becoming to be free.

Rejoice ye that after ages,
Men now recognize the worth,
Of we potent Goddesses;
Living with them on this earth.

Sing, that after centuries,
Of bondage to the stronger sex,
Men now regard us as their equals:
And our talents they respect.

The human race 'til recently,
To the important truth was blind;
That the greatest thing in nature,
Is the comprehending mind.

That woman, just the same as man,
Owns a responsible soul,
Which none but her, and her creator,
Has any right to control.

Laws should protect the man, and wife
Each one against the other's wrong,
Whether brought about by cunning,
Or imposed by muscles strong-

It is as easy for we ladies,
To help our state, and nation rule;
As to preside over a mansion:
Or to teach in any school.

So my advice to all you ladies;
You who have a cultured brain;
Is to run for offices:
Speak on every campaign.

If you worthy married women,
Would promote your sacred cause;
You must hold public offices:
Voet, and help to make the laws.

Women's Rights

Men should not enslave their wives,
To menial employment:
Such as scrubbing, washing, cooking;
And give them no enjoyment.

It is but fair that the husband,
Should often scrub, wash, and cook,
While wife is writing for the papers;
Or reading through a worthy book.

As to managing the children:
Man, and wife by turns should stay;
At home with them until they can,
A house keeper employ, and pay.

We colored women most of all,
Do the law's protection need:
You colored men are such cowards;
To our rights you pay no heed.

If we wait for you to stop,
Disfranchising our race,
And put an end to lynching us,
We'll die in slavery, and disgrace.

In sorrow, and humiliation,
We'll live in bondage 'til we die;
Since to defend yourselves, and wives,
You have decided not to try.

Seek you to vote, and hold offices;
Bravely defend your every right:
And let us have protection if
We have to take up arms, and fight.

When enlightened laws concede,
To women equal rights with men;
We will accomplish untold good,
And lofty honors we will win.

In the struggle for high honors,
Those must always stay behind;
When outclassed in skill, and learning
By those superior in mind.

Women's Rights

In the sweet garden of Eden,
Adam was not shrewd as Eve:
Or she could never have induced him,
Her cunning story to believe.

Adam was a simple fellow,
With intellect of little note;
Or he would not have let the woman
Put the apple down his throat.

Why Colored Race Is Down

My colored comrades let me tell you,
Why to reason you are blind:
Why you are under foot of all;
Why you are so far behind.

Let me tell you, one, and all.
Why you are so scorned, and hated:
Why disfranchised, and insulted
Why jim-crowed, and segregated.

It is because you allow pleasure.
To stop your ears, and blind your eyes:
Cause you to sleep out your existence:
Making no effort to rise.

You work hard, but squander money:
Like little reckless girls, and boys:
Who would spend enormous fortunes;
For luxuries, and worthless toys.

Expensive suits of clothes, and dresses,
Purchase you, and keep on hand:
When you have no bank account:
And do not own a foot of land.

To build fine lodge-halls, and churches;
You do most all your money give:
When you have no education:
Have no home in which to live.

WHY COLORED RACE IS DOWN

In ownership you'll never get,
A half an inch beyond your nose:
So long as you shall squander money,
In dressing, carnivals, and shows.

You spend enough preparing for,
The fair, or association;
To purchase all the books you need,
To give your children education.

Those who to wealth's promised land;
On the train of honor goes;
Must put up with frugal diets:
Wear the plainest kind of clothes.

If you dress, and eat as dainty,
As the richest man in town;
Among the menial servants;
You will ever remain down.

There are three things that combine;
Yea I think I do see four;
To keep the colored people down:
Helpless, ignorant, and poor.

Dressing in expensive clothing;
When you do for nothing stand:
Thinking that your splendid garments,
Make you honorable, and grand.

Buying organs, and pianos,
That you, in rented houses play:
Dead fools to the cemetery,
In costly hearse sent a way.

Putting those poor fools, and sluggards,
Who all their living days were down,
Into hundred dollar caskets,
And burying them in the ground.

You progressive colored People,
That do not for such folly stand;
I commend you for prudence:
And I gladly shake your hand.



Doctor Dubois

Distinguished journalist, and sage;
Unflinching fighter with the pen;
Battles for your race you wage:
Openings great for us you win.
Injustice has in you a foe:
Such as will it overthrow.

Do not people of every land,
Unto equal rights aspire:
Boldly every right demand;
Opportunities acquire?
In government a share they win:
So can we if we are brave men.

Do great deeds to help thy race,
Upon a grand, and lofty plane:
By such means, an honored place;
On history's pages you'll gain:
Immortal pictures on fame's wall
Set to rare in honor's hall.



Doctor Dubois

Celestial Muse, on thy thrones of gold,
The tablets of my memory unfold:
While I the worth of Dubois recite;
That brave, and fearless champion of right.
Doctor Dubois, hero of the pen;
Who for his race does recognition win.
Born a colored child with yellow face;
When there were no leaders of our race:
When no one did such race-loyalty feel;
As to direct our drifting vessel's keel:
When our bravest, brightest men did stroll,
In search of present ease, or paltry gold:
While deadly storms of crime upon us bore
And in our vessel dangerous fissures tore:
When it was threatening to soon go down
And every one of us shortly to drown.
Dubois leaped, and grasped our drifting helm:
Looked out upon that stormy twilight dim:
Saw through the night, shining from a far;
The brilliant gleaming of a blazing star;
Whose rays did bring a distant land in sight;
A land where every one is treated right:
A land where all are honored for their worth;
And not for color, riches, race nor birth:
Where lives, and fortunes are by law protected;
And every worthy person is respected:
Where all do vote, and help to make the laws;
Where all men work for one another's cause.
Toward that land Dubois set our keel:
And ever since has held fast to the wheel.
Boldly with his tongue, and pen he fights;
To protect all of our legal rights;
But those who with the glare of gold are blind;
Say that we thus that land shall never find:
Leap out into that dismal twilight dim;
And for the rock of gold begin to swim.
But see, that gold does not protect their lives;
Nor defend their children, and their wives:
The storms of crime do at their riches scoff:
Beat against that rock, and drive them off.

DOCTOR DUBOIS

Go on Dubois you are in the right:
You have achieved the hero's garland bright.
Your Crisis books are little soldiers strong:
That, rapidly are overthrowing wrong.
Write on William, your bold, and fearless pen,
Will all your race's legal rights win.



DUBOIS

D-on't let the whites rule you, and race
U-nless in rule you have a hand.
B-ecause it is a vile disgrace;
O-thers would not for it stand.
I-f you are worthy the name of men:
S-hare in this government you'll win.

D-on't groan like dogs, mules, and cattle;
U-nder the haughty white man's heel.
B-e brave, and for your rights do battle:
O-nward, demand asquare deal.
I-f rights you can't otherwise win;
S-tand up, and fight for them like men.

D-aring champion of truth, and right;
P-holder of the torch as bright as day;
B-ravely thy race's battles thou doth fight;
O-n earth to win thy people fair play.
I-n this land thy burning reasons strong,
S-urely soon will overthrow the wrong.





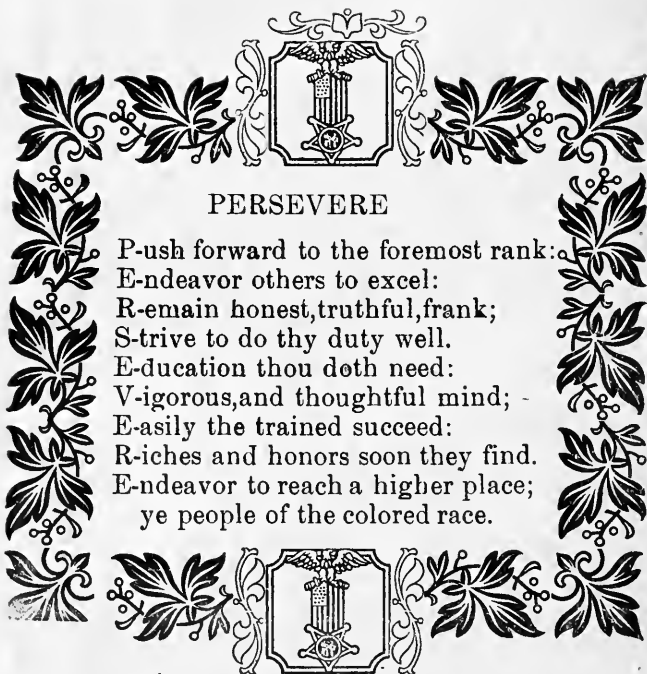
DUBOIS

D-oubt not,because thy face is black,
U-nto high honors thou canst soar.
B-e bold,go on,and don't look back:
O-pen for thy race the door.
I-f thou hast valor,and education,
S-stand up,and help to rule thy nation.

D-on't eat,sleep,rest or play'
U-ntil you do make up your mind,
B-y all means to sweep away,
O-ppressive laws of every kind.
I-ndependence belongs to worth:
S-ought by all brave men on earth.

D-off thy hats to colored girls:
U-ncover to the ladies all.
B-ecause they are dearer than pearls:
O-ffend neither the great,nor small.
I-n every way thy race respect::
S-hield them,and their rights protect.





PERSEVERE

P-ush forward to the foremost rank:
E-ndeavor others to excel:
R-emain honest, truthful, frank;
S-trive to do thy duty well.
E-ducation thou doth need:
V-igorous, and thoughtful mind; -
E-asily the trained succeed:
R-iches and honors soon they find.
E-ndeavor to reach a higher place;
ye people of the colored race.



Persevere

Are your lessons hard to learn?
Persevere!

Late at night your oil burn:
Don't you hear?
You can learn your lessons well;
And your rivals all excel;
Don't forget what you I tell:
Persevere!

Do you want to graduate?
Persevere!
Study books both soon, and late:
Don't you hear?
You can finish your education:
Follow then a high vocation:
Be an honor to your nation:
Persevere!

Honor your dark complexion:
Persevere!
To you it is no reflection:
Don't you hear?
Study hard both day, and night;
Be an able scholar bright;
Excel, and out class every white:
Persevere!

You will win the world's esteem;
Persevere!

Smiling faces on you will beam;
Don't you hear?
Able ones are in demand;
Sought by all men in the land;
Before kings they bravely stand:
Persevere!

Would you to office be elected,
Persevere!
Live so that you will be respected
Don't you hear?
Get the highest education;
Be the brightest in your nation:
Work for all men's elevation;

PERSEVERE

Persevere!

You must help the laws enact:

Persevere!

If you don't you'll be kept back:

Don't you hear?

Vote for the best men of your race;

In congress give your men a place:

Lift your people from disgrace:

Persevere!

Millions of Negroes in this land;

Persevere:

Have in the government no hand;

Don't you hear?

Black men go, and hide for shame

Among brave men don't tell your

name:

You let the whites all office claim;

Persevere!

Be glad these states belong to you

Persevere!

Love the red, white, and blue;

Don't you hear?

Heed not what the white men say;

You have as much right here as

they:

To the front ranks forge your way

Persevere!

Bravely demand your every right:

Persevere!

Get them if you have to fight;

Don't you hear?

Some of you may have to dye;

But sure as God reigns in the sky,

You will get them if you try:

Persevere!



Booker Washington

Supernal Goddess in realms of light;
The fame of Booker Washington I write:
Hero of industrial education;
It's greatest advocate in any nation.
Admired sage of the Tuskeegy school;
Which he did build, and with honors rule.
An advocate of ownership was he:
Who did my race from poverty set free.
Taught them to get thousands of homes, and
farms:

Sent out Negro mechanics by the swarms.
Born in the gloom of slavery's dark night;
He reached the galaxy of heroes bright.
Had he lived in clasical Greece, or Rome,
His statues would have adorned every home.
Temples would grace his never dying name:
Speakers would have eulogised his fame.
Astronomers, to honor Booker high,
Would have portrayed his image in the sky;
They'd have shown for him their admiration
By giving him a starry constellation.
To Washington, this must be conceded;
He led the race to that which it much needed.
Taught it from wealth's vast fountain to sip;
Led it, to home, and business ownership.
In great achievements in every land;
Wealth, and learning must go hand in hand.
Inventors form in their imagination,
Machines to help imrove civilization.
Money brings these machines in to sight:
Built of iron, steel, and copper bright.
Architects have stately mansions planed,
By wealth they do in brick, and marble stand
Authors write books, but must have the gold
Before those books can be printed, and sold.
Wealth as well as culture is required.
To make a people honored, and admired.
Any one can see who rightly thinks;
That honor's chain is made of many links:
The chain of the achievements of a race,
By which it rises to a higher place.

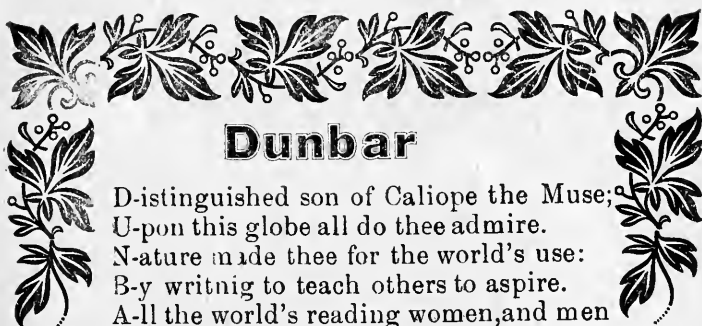
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Wealth supplies the means for education:
The weapons for defending every nation.
Lincoln gave my race emancipation;
Washington, material elevation:
These two important links in honor's chain;
We must be brave, and all the others gain.

Philadelphia Acrostic

P-ut not thy trust in wealth, and skil alone;
H-old intercourse with God upon his throne.
I-ndustrious be; toil, and achieve.
L-ive you so you'll not be loath to leave;
A-ny minute, either night or day,
D-eath's angel chose to carry you away.
E-very earthly thing time will destroy:
L-eave no trace of things you now enjoy.
P-urity, culture, and perfect love;
H-ave these, you will enter the courts above;
I-nto the happy, saint's eternal rest;
A-companion of the pure, and blessed.





Dunbar

D-istinguished son of Caliope the Muse;
U-pon this globe all do thee admire.
N-ature made thee for the world's use:
B-y writnig to teach others to aspire.
A-ll the world's reading women, and men
R-oused thee by thy Muse inspired pen.



Paul Lawrence Dunbar

Heavenly Muses, sing thou in mine ear;
Our immortal poet Dunbar's praise:
I will with delight thy music hear:
Rehearse to our globe thy thrilling lays.

Hark! in my soul thy sweet voices wring:
Thy praise of Muse Caliope's dear boy:
Who with the lovely measures he did sing
Long kept the world runing o'er with joy.

Deep mysteries of life he did unfold:
Writing with his Muse inspired pen;
Many medals of the purest gold;
His excellent poetry did win.

Born a Negro, black, despised, and poor;
Honor for self, and race he did obtain:
For the rising race opened the door,
Of hope that it may reach a higher plane

As on the black surface of a pool;
Unfolds the water lilies pure, and white;
Or in the sable sky in evening cool,
Bursts the golden blaze of stars bright:

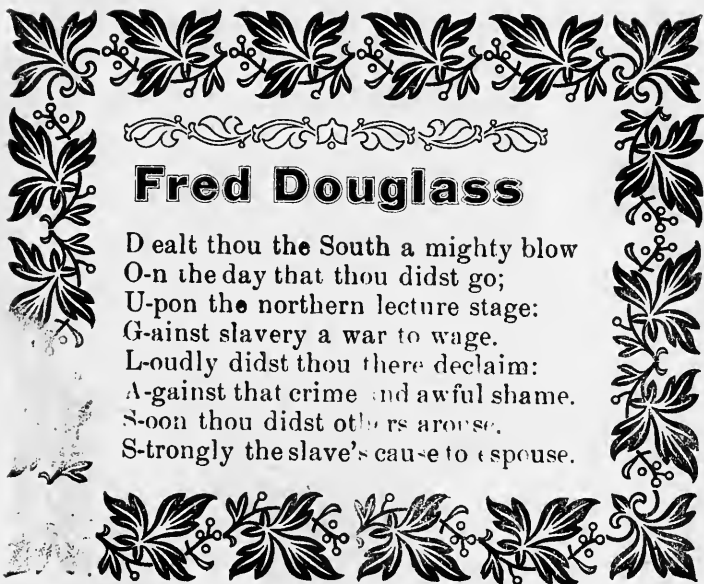
So on the world, from his swarthy race,
For centuries ridiculed, and scorned;
This famous poet, with his iron face,
To teach, and entertain the world was

born :

His poems caused the world to understand
Black men belong to human brother-hood
That all are linked together in one band:
For one another's injury or good.

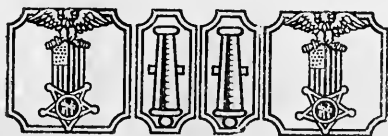
The untold wealth awaiting cultivation,
Stored in the hated Negro's mind;
Now rapidly yielding to education,
Winning achievements of every kind.

Wake up, ye people of the colored race:
From Dunbar take ye fresh inspiration:
Win ye honors for thy dusky face:
And a higher plane of civilization.



Fred Douglass

Dealt thou the South a mighty blow
On the day that thou didst go;
Upon the northern lecture stage:
Against slavery a war to wage.
Loudly didst thou there declaim:
Against that crime and awful shame.
Soon thou didst others arouse,
Strongly the slave's cause to espouse.



Fred Douglass

Immortal Goddesses my mind inspire
While I the fame of Douglass relate:
The orator whose eloqu Coastal fire;
Did the southern slaves emancipate.

As the golden sun on cloudy days,
Ascends to the zenith out of sight;
Then dashes through the clouds its
 brilliant rays;
And fills the earth below with golden light

So Douglass, borned a poor slave;
On a great plantation in Virginia:
Studied at night, becoming wise, and brave
And thus his education did continue;
Until he was nearly graduated;
Then this orator, and scholar great;
From the slave-holding south migrated;
To the free Massachusetts state.

Slavery did this hero so provoke,
While under it's oppression in the South;
'Gainst it now he eloquently spoke:
Awful thunder-bolts burst from his mouth.

So galling were the burning truths he
hurled;

Against that shocking crime, and awful sin
That he aroused the hatred of the world,
Against the slave holding southern men.
Fired he Sumner, Garrison, and Brown:
And hosts of other men, and their wives;
Who swore they would slavery put down:
Though they had to sacrifice their lives.

So Douglass, by his oratory,
Raised armies to fight for emancipation:
Which after four years of conflict gorey,
Abolished slavery in our nation.

May his deeds be read with much delight;
And admired by all nations, and races:
Be carved on lofty shafts of marble white:
Statues, be his with bronze, and marble faces

Spare Moments

From the egg is hatched the eagle,
With his strong, and mighty wings
Slender strands do make the cable:
The very strongest kind of strings.

Little wisdom gleaned from books;
Every spare minute, and hour;
Will improve your intellect:
Make you men of worth, and power.

Why do you squander golden moments?
You members of the colored race:
When you might gather information;
And your heads with honors grace.

Those who stay away from books;
Adorn, and dress themselves for show;
Never any progress make:
And they nothing great can know.

You had as well to be wax figures,
Dressed in pants, coat, and hat;
If in carving out your fortune,
You intend to stop at that.

You had as well to be a bird,
Dressed in gay feathers, and plume;
If your highest aspiration,
Is in stylish clothes to bloom.

You had as well to be a dog,
With soft, slick, and glossy hair;
If your highest aim in life
Is to have fine clothes to wear.

Though you have the form of human;
You are not much more than brute;
When you try to cover ignorance,
With a new dress, or a suit.



Fear No Man's Face

Black friends be brave,manly,and polite:
Study the best of authors day,and night.
The more knowledge that you come to know;
The more powerful your minds will grow.
Though you may have an iron colored face;
You all belong to a noble race:
The race that gave the world civilization;
The light of truth sent they in every nation.
Of your race be joyful,and proud:
Shout you,and sing her praises long,and loud.
Dread no man's face,neither black nor white;
Be bold,and fearless,when your cause is right.
If they don't let you vote in your state;
To another you should at once migrate..
Go where you'll have in government a hand:
Where you can every legal right demand.
When lawless men attempt Negroes to slay;
Take up your guns,and drive them all away.
You have to pay your taxes every year;
In state offices you are due a share.
No men but the most stupid,coward,base;
Will be ruled over by another race.
Fight 'til you win,or die for your rights:
Don't be ruled,and controlled by the whites.
Let the white man hate you if he will;
Hate is a fierce disease,a deadly ill:
That cramps his little soul,and makes it small
While yours is growing strong,stout,and tall.
While you are going ever up the hill,
He's either falling back,or standing still:
That has always been the shameful fate;
Of those who harbor prejudice,and hate.



Edmonia Lewis

AND THE STATUE

O'er the stately roofs, and steeples
The lofty granit shafts above;
The Boston sky was soft, and quiet,
Like abodes of peace, and love.

The sun looked down upon the city,
Flooding her with golden light:
The gold dome upon the state-house,
Reflected rays intensely bright.

The wind about the grand old city,
In perfect stillness then did lay,
Sleeping on the flower petals,
This delightful summer day.

As if to please Edmonia,
The flowers wore their gaudy blooms
And filled the lovely air of Boston
With their delicate perfumes.

In the park all was silent,
Save the sparkling fountain's hiss;
Edmonia Lewis in her strolling,
Had paused a while to look at this.

She was a brilliant colored girl;
Only sixteen years old;
No one imagined that for her,
The future did such greatness hold.

She had lovely dark complexion,
A face that beamed intrinsic worth:
Though poor, and uneducated;
She was a genius from birth.

She yearned to become accomplished
In some profession, trade, or art:
That ambition ever burned,
On the altar of her heart.

She eagerly embraced all chances,
To improve her heart, and mind:
In all new scenes of art, and nature,
She did much inspiration find:

EDMONIA, AND THE STATUE

On this delightful July morning,
She could not resist the spell;
To stroll among the Boston scenery:
Upon its nobleness to dwell.
Such a day was fine for tourists,
Roaming for health, and recreation:
As well as those who go a broad,
Just to gather information.
Edmonia had gone to Boston,
To explore its art, and look:
And to read another chapter,
In nature's illustrated book.
She had seen the grand cathedral:
Many a stately mansion old:
She had viewed the lofty state-house,
With its dome of pure gold;
Had admired many statues;
Read inscriptions round their bases;
She had analyzed the character,
Chiseled in their marble faces.
When she came to Franklin's statue,
She was more wondrously impressed,
With its features, and expression;
Than those of any of the rest.
There upon a huge pedestal,
Franklin posed with an air of grace:
All of his admired virtues,
Written in his form, and face.
Philanthropy was depicted,
By his mild, and generous eyes:
His lofty forehead told the story,
That he was both great, and wise.
Those marble lips seemed to whisper
This pleasing message in her ear;
In the language of a statue;
That which only souls can hear:

EDMONIA AND THE STATUE

"You can be a great heroine,
If you'll only make a start;
Specialize in some profession,
Finish up some line of art".

Edmonia surveyed the statue,
From its feet to its stone face.
And in an instant Franklin's history,
From first to last the girl did trace.
Said she "when Franklin started life,
Like myself he was quite poor,
But that he became a hero,
There can nothing be more sure.
I might become a finished artist,
Should I a course in art embrace:
Make myself a heroine;
Win honors for myself, and race.
Along what line would I be likely,
Most of all to succeed?
Which art will in the colored race,
The most worthy ideals breed?
I might play the sweetest music,
'T would leave no tracks upon the air
By which others might be guided
To halls of fame, and fortune fair
If I should paint the finest portraits
In the rarest colors bright,
They would hang in costly dwellings
Forever from poor children's sight.
So I shall strive to be a sculptress,
And when great ones bones are rotten
I'll reproduce in marble,
Those who should not be forgotten.
Let them pose on tall pedestals,
Where all can see them, and admire,
Reflect upon their great achievements
Strive more honors to acquire".

EDMONIA AND THE STATUE

She stood so long thus contemplating,
Her friends were leaving her alone;
When she,awaking from her reverie,
Said "I can carve a man from stone".

That day,William Lloyd Garrison,
A noble Negro emancipator;
Took Edmonia to a sculptor,
To see if he would educate her:

Said"train this girl to be a sculptress,
She now has an iron will:

And I think with your assistance,
She can soon acquire the skill"

That great hearted Boston sculptor,
Took Edmonia there to train;
And pretty soon he discovered,
That she owned an excellent brain.

She soon learned the art of sculpture.
History's thrilling pages tell,
How in gracefulness,and elegance,
Her marble statues all excell.

In Rome she has an art gallery:
'Mong her finest works on show,
Are busts of Douglass,Brown,Sumner:
And Mrs.Hariet Beecher Stowe.

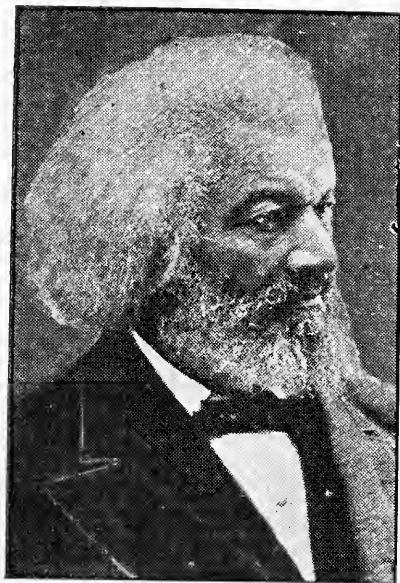
Her superior skill,and genius,
Have her fine art gallery graced,
With classical,and christian statues,
Among those marble heroes placed.

Although she was poor,and ignorant,
She had a lofty aspiration:

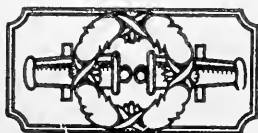
Threw her soul into her efforts,
And achieved her elevation.

You young colored men,and women,
This teaches you to understand,
That you can master any science,
To which you may set your hand:

If you take up your profession,
Determined not to put it down,
Until you adorn your tempels,
With the victor's golden crown.



Fred Douglass
Great Anti-Slavery Orator





GARRISON

G-leaming brightly as the sun,
A-re thy robe, and golden crown;
R-ich with jewels thou hast won;
R-ewards for evils ye did put down.
I-n thy news papers grand,
S-lave holders found opponents bold:
O-n the soil of every land,
N-ever did they cease to scold.

STOWE

S-un above this slave cursed nation;
T-hou radiant Goddess bright;
O-pened the way for emancipation,
W-hen Tom's Cabin thou didst write
E-very word of thy great book,
this nation to its center shook.

BROWN

B-old as a lion in the night;
R-ifles could not thee restrain:
O-nward in defense of right,
W-ent thou to sever slavery's chain.
N-eath the bar wert thou suspended:
but thy fate the nation rended.

The Champions Of Freedom

War clouds had been brewing long,
Getting heavier dark, and strong;
When our civil war began,
That did set free the colored man.
When on that great, historic morn,
Christ, the saviour was borne,
He had within his heart, and brains,
Power to break all slavery chains.
The golden rule he promulgated,
Has wars, and strife precipitated:
Right trying to subdue the wrong;
They grapple manfully, and long:
Until the wrong is overpowered,
And flyeth like a stupid coward.

CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM

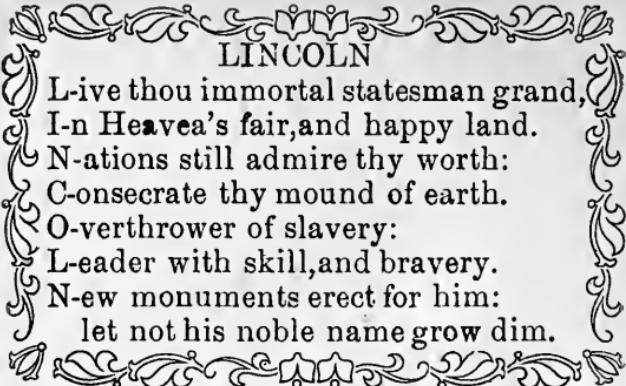
That rule goes down the ages crashing
Monarchies to pieces dashing:
Subverting empires,scepters breaking
Kingdoms into republics making.
And it will ever crash on down,
Until all men give Christ the crown:
Honor that immaculate king:
Obey his law in every thing.
Emperor Constantius had died;
And Constantine had come with pride
To claim,and receive as his own;
The Roman scepter,crown,and throne
When up five bitter rivals shoot;
His title to the throne dispute.
To it each one does lay a claim,
And fight like tigers for the same.
Constantine was much perplexed;
And to his very soul was vexed:
Until he saw a cross,and banner,
Standing in an imposing manner,
Over the sun above his head,
And on that banner plainly read,
In gold letters on a line,
“Conquer you by this sign”
The cross ment faith in Christ he new
The banner told him what to do.
A brass standard like it he makes,
Which he into his wars takes.
Meets,and conquers all his foes;
Every rival overthrows.
Became the emperor of Rome,
With scepter,crown,and palace home.
Christianity he embraces;
Encouraged christians in all places.
The Romans famed for bravery,
Held millions of men in slavery:
Forced them with arms to till the land
Througout that broad empire grand.
'Til Constantine saw that strange
thing,
And became a christian king.

Then for the right he took a stand;
 Gainst slavery lifted his hand.
 With one stroke of his mighty pen,
 He set free forty million men.
 Now had Wilberforce, and Howard;
 (Surely neither was a coward
 But posessed both skill, and bravery;))
 Caused England to abolish slavery.
 When the detestable slave trade,
 Did free America invade,
 It was not to be very long,
 Before our good christians strong,
 Would the awful crime deplore;
 And seek to drive it from our shore.
 A fruitful source of revenue,
 Rapidly this slave trade grew.
 White men, to obtain the gold,
 Their black brothers bought, and sold.
 Until on every great plantation,
 Slaves were held all o'er this nation.
 They were driven, beat, and killed:
 Untimely graves these people filled.
 The whites did crush beneath the rod
 The image of themselves, and God.
 Iron chains their limbs did bind;
 They were with ignorance kept blind
 Many a slave's distressful groan,
 Caused God to tremble on his throne:
 Caused him his powers to employ,
 All slave holding to destroy.
 Ben Lundy, brave, and skilful knight,
 Knowing that slavery is not right,
 Did the poor slave's cause espouse;
 Spoke, and wrote 'til he aroused,
 Men in every northern state,
 Slavery every where to hate.
 To labor for the liberation,
 Of every slave in our nation.
 Like an angel on white wings,
 His famous news paper brings,
 True counsel to all people's doors:
 The crime of slavery it deplores.

Though the brutal mob, and clan,
Often assaulted this great man;
Though he many times was jailed,
Because slave holding he assailed;
It did not abate his zeal:-
Like hot thunder bolts of steel;
These burning truths he ever hurled,
Long as he lived over the world.
Garrison's bold addresses;
And reasons from his printing presses
Which into every state he sends,
Gain for the Negroes many friends.
The pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe,
Perhaps did more to overthrow.
Slavery's shameful institution,
Than any earthly contribution.
Her Uncle Tom's Cabin book,
America by storms took.
Convinced men they must put down
 slavery,
Or renounce their bravery.
Douglass, a colored man,
From a slave plantation ran,
Into the free northern states;
Slavery's horrors he there relates.
That scholar-orator, self made;
So much intrinsic worth displayed,
That the world could plainly see,
That if these people were set free;
And given thorough education;
They'd be an honor to this nation.
That these industrious black brothers
Would do as much as any others,
In peace, or war's distressful time,
To make this country sublime.
Then came Sumner on the stage,
And he relentless war did wage;
In the congress of this nation,
For black men's emancipation.
His speeches, eloquent, and bold,
The senate long spellbound did hold.

CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM

Causing many northern men,
To resolve with arms to win,
The freedom of the southern slaves,
Or find themselves heroic graves.
Lucretia Motts most brave,
Espoused the just cause of the slave:
Lectured for emancipation:
Gave many of them education.
John Brown had long led slaves away
Laboring both night, and day;
Helping them their masters foil,
Until they got upon free soil.
Deciding that was far too slow;
He planned with arms to overthrow,
Slavery in every southern state;
Attempted armies to create.
With a few men, John Brown made,
Upon an arsenal a raid:
(It was the Harper's Ferry one,)
To get for every slave a gun.
But the slaves from on the farms,
Came too slow to take up arms;
They were captured, and destroyed:
But their fate the world annoyed.
When they hanged brave John Brown
The North swore slavery to put down.
So many abolitionists,
Resolved to accomplish this;
Into politics it went:
They made Lincoln president:
A man of skill, and bravery,
And a foe to slavery.
Not wanting her black men freed,
South Carolina did secede.
All other southern states too,
From the union soon withdrew.
The confederacy erected:
Davis their president elected.
Richmond the capital was made:
The rebs their banner there displayed.



LINCOLN

Live thou immortal statesman grand,
In Heavea's fair, and happy land.
N-ations still admire thy worth:
Consecrate thy mound of earth.
O-verthrower of slavery:
L-eader with skill, and bravery.
N-ew monuments erect for him:
let not his noble name grow dim.

The Civil War

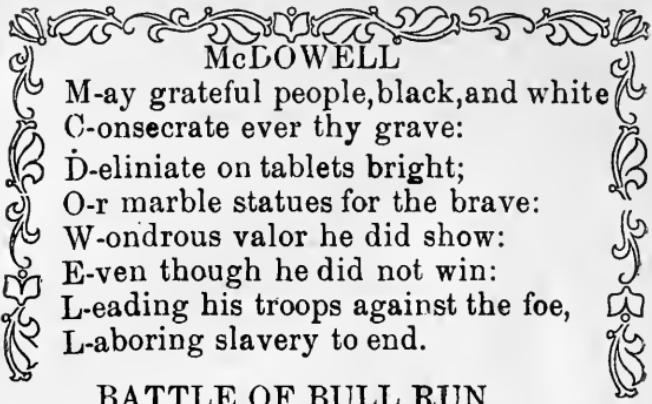
BATTLE OF SUMPTER APR. 1861

When the southern states ceceded,
Forts, and guns then they needed:
Tried they to hold the forts, and stores
The Union had around their shores.
Fort Sumpter sat before their eyes;
They coveted the splendid prize.
Their general Beauregard,
Here, and there had labored hard;
Placing batteries around;
Sumpter's walls to shatter down.
President Lincoln then told,
Anderson the fort to hold:
That he would there surplies send,
To help him Fort Sumpter defend.
That they'd hold their forts, and all,
Until by rebel guns they fall.
In April, eighteen sixty one,
The Civil War was begun.
Early one morning, half past four,
A cannon's mouth was heard to roar
It did on James Island stand,
Under Beauregard's command,
Far off Aurora's chariot of light,
Was just emerging in to sight:
The west lay wrapped in heavy gloom
All had been silent as the tomb.
Happily did sleep, and rest,
All but those with cares oppressed.

SUMPTER

The North, and South on war's brink,
Their leaders, awake did think.
Both nations now fast breathing rage,
On war theater's frowning stage;
Began that bloody war to fight,
That gave slaves their freedom quite.
That confederate gun illfated,
Most dreadful war precipitated:
When bursted forth from every gun,
Ten thousand thunder storms in one.
The cannon growl, roar, and flash;
While through the air the shells dash
Upon each others works they fall;
Making great fissures in each wall.
Anderson, and his brave men,
Fought most desperately to win:
Fought like Gods not borne to die:
Delighting every rebel eye.
Until fell Pluto, Vulcan, Mars,
Tearing down all nature's bars;
Turned loose all the powers of hell,
To help old Beauregard excel.
After Fort Sumpter was shattered;
Stars, and stripes completely tattered;
When rebel's red hot cannon balls,
Had fired Sumpter's mangled walls;
The flames ascending to the skies;
Smoke blinding the soldiers eyes
From toil their limbs were sore;
Yet they were ready to do more.
Looking out through many a wrent,
With all their amunition spent;
Like a lion in a cage,
With no protection from men's rage;
While he does armed men behold,
His heart remains fearless, and bold:
These brave sons of Mars surveyed,
Death, which never them dismayed.
Sumpter they held for three long days
While it was burning up in blaze.
But in that awful deadly strife,
Not a soldier lost his life.

They had no other course to take,
But die or those red flames forsake.
By the rebel troops admired,
The Union garrison retired.



McDOWELL

M-ay grateful people, black, and white
C-onsecrate ever thy grave:
D-elinate on tablets bright;
O-r marble statues for the brave:
W-ondrous valor he did show:
E-ven though he did not win:
L-eading his troops against the foe,
L-aboring slavery to end.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN

Two armies, each with lion's heart,
Slept that night not far apart:
Near Manassas on Bull Run;
Waiting for the next day's sun.
McDowell's Union soldiers brave,
Resolved to set free every slave:
The southern soldiers in the planes;
Sworn to keep the slaves in chains.
Around now Somno's legion flies,
Sealing with sleep the soldier's eyes:
Leads their slumbering souls away,
To dream-land's bright, eternal day.
Wrapped in profound sleep it seems,
To Union soldiers steeped in dreams;
They had the rebs annihilated,
And the slaves emancipated:
That the freed men had achieved,
Distinction hard to be believed:
That in commerce, science, and art,
Grandly they had played their part.
O! what a vaulting thing is sleep;
That can o'er years, and ages leep;
And make the enterprise seem won;
When it has only just begun.
Could they have seen the fields blood;
And dead men rolling in the flood;
All the battles to be fought;
And mighty devatation wrought;

BATTLE OF BULL RUN

Before this progress could be known;
They'd have made a solemn groan.
The southern soldiers, rich, and poor,
Who side by side did sleep, and snore;
Dreamed the north did to them yield,
And they had slaves on every field;
All over the American nation,
Who'd never see emancipation.
Asleep, the poor reb did enjoy,
His land, his mule, and Negro boy;
That were to reward his bravery,
In perpetuating slavery.
The rich reb dreams of his estates;
A hoast of slaves that on him waits:
While he robs his colored neighbor,
Out of all his honest labor.
God, upon his great white throne,
Meditating all alone;
These states' transgressions assaying;
Ones sins against the others weighing;
Lifting the scales of justice high,
And on the South fixing his eye,
As down the golden beam does tilt;
Weighing Dixie's heavy guilt;
Decreed her fall, and devastation:
And the slave's emancipation.
Omnipotence did then resolve,
These states in long war to involve:
That the South may long repent,
And have good reason to relent,
When the North subdues her forces,
And destroys her resources.
While this war was just beginning,
He'd start the South off to winning:
With hopes of victory her inflate;
Lure her on to her blind fate.
Aurora's arms of golden light,
Rolled back the curtains of the night,
Then floods of rays burst from the sun,
Into the valley of Bull Run.
Illuminating nature's stage;
When in her play she did engage:

BATTLE OF BULL RUN

A play of perfect love, and beauty:
A play to teach all men their duty.
Could the slave-holders, every one,
Have sat alone on dear Bull Run;
Spectators of fair nature's play;
Conned her legend, and her lay;
Wouldn't these demons have relented?
Their revolting crimes repented?
The lilies, pinks, and daisies fair,
Pouring their sweetness on the air,
Might have taught them to believe,
'Tis better to give, than to receive.
The birds in every bush, and tree,
Intermingling with glee;
With never a complaining note,
Escaping from a birdie's throat;
Might have taught the rebs that day,
Race prejudice to throw away:
That when men shall inter mingle,
Without a discord, jar, or jingle;
When all their powers men employ,
For one another's peace, and joy;
To make all wealthy, learned, and free;
So all can talk, and sing with glee:
They will carry out God's will:
Their highest purposes fulfill:
And all men receive full measure,
Of prosperity, and pleasure.
Bull Run, so small in its beginning;
In size, and power ever winning;
Its waters all with gradual motion,
Making to the spacious ocean;
Where as billows of the sea,
To help all men they will be free,
To carry to every nation,
The means of wealth, and education;
Might have impressed on southern
 brains,
To take away the galling chains,
From the limbs of every slave:
Help them be learned, skilful, brave:

BATTLE OF BULL RUN

So that in commerce, science, and art,
They can perform an honored part.
The actors in nature's theater,
Delighting men, and their Creator;
Would have averted this great fight,
Had they been seen, and heard aright.
Both armies were for battle arrayed:
Their great banners were displayed.
Before command was given to fire,
McDowell did thus his troops inspire
"The cause that brings you to this

place,
The guns, and flashing swords to face,
Is one that you cannot forsake,
And men of worth, and honor make.
By your skill, and bravery,
You must brake up slavery:
A cause as broad as all creation;
The highest interest of your nation.
Yon great host of southern men,
Are your neighbors, and your kin:
You are Anglo-Saxons all;
Their blood through your veins crawl
But justice you must all defend,
Though you must slay brother, and
friend.

Those white criminals murder others;
Enslave, and kill your black brothers
With dogs, and ponderous lashes,
On their bodies tear they great gashes
Until the blood from torn veins,
Around their feet in showers rains.
Not that they willingly submit;
The rebs by force accomplish it.
Neither are the blacks inferior;
Bnt rebs in learning are superior.
It is the glory of a knight,
For defenseless ones to fight;
To rescue them from oppression;
And to avenge the transgression.

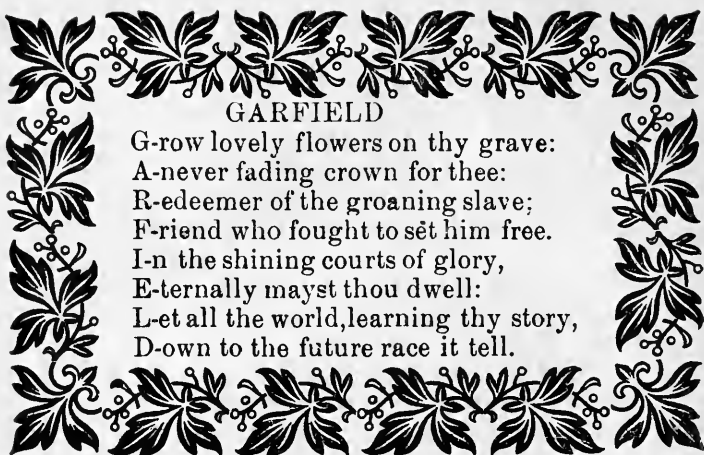
BATTLE OF BULL RUN

Coming to overthrow the wrong,
You prove to be dauntless, and strong.
Worthy to be called the sons,
Of those who took the British guns,
Founded this grand, and free nation,
Famed for wealth, and education:
Extending equal rights to all;
The rich, the poor, the great, the small.
Those men the Golden rule did guide:
The bible was their joy, and pride;
Which taught these patriots to know,
That all men reap just what they sow.
Christ died that all of us might live:
Some of us our lives will give,
To emancipate a race:
For our souls God has a place.
Who dies for his neighbor's sake,
In to heaven God will take.
Monuments with lettered bases;
Busts with bronze, and marble faces;
Arches, and shafts of marble tall;
Thy pictures hanging on the wall;
Poets inspiring lays;
Fascinating opera plays;
Books, and medals will proclaim,
To future ages your fame.
Perhaps a mead of greater worth,
And one to live beyond the earth;
A worthy race of men set free;
To praise you through eternity.
In the storm of shot, and shell,
Soldiers use your weapons well.
Straight for victory make a dash:
See that when these two armies clash,
Every blade, and every ball,
Does on a rebel's heart strings fall.
Mow them down, like cutting grain:
Heap their bodies on the plane.
To night, victorious, in your camps,
Set down beside your shining lamps:

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

Write, and tell your friends we won:
That the fight was only fun.
Now, while our musicians play,
Go forward boys, and win the day".
General Johnson had come in,
With part of his Shenandoah men;
To join those under Beauregard,
Whom he thought would be pressed
hard.

Jackson, and his reserve brigade,
Were in the rear, under the shade.
As McDowell did retire;
The Union army opened fire.
Confederate guns at once replied:
For hours surged the battle tide:
Like an awful thunder storm;
Spreading destruction, and alarm.
The guns from our trenches reaching,
Were dead rebel's funerals preaching.
As swords clash, and cannon roar,
The fields are flooded with gore.
Then every brave union boy,
Does all his strength, and skill employ
Upon the rebel's left hand wing,
And drove before him every thing.
Fast the rebels they were beating,
Who were for their lives retreating,
Until Jackson's reserve brigade,
Gave their escaping brothers aid:
Enabled them to stand their ground,
While the battle raged around.
Johnson's other troop came in,
And soon the rebel force did win.
McDowell with a lion's heart:
Skilled in war's terrible art:
Saw he could not the rebs subdue,
From the engagement withdrew.
So with an honorable defeat,
To Washington they did retreat.



GARFIELD

G-row lovely flowers on thy grave:
A-never fading crown for thee:
R-edeemer of the groaning slave;
F-riend who fought to sèt him free.
I-n the shining courts of glory,
E-ternally mayst thou dwell:
L-et all the world, learning thy story,
D-own to the future race it tell.

Battle of Prestonburg

Like a young lion fierce, and bold;
This war, while but a year old;
Was a most terrible affair:
Causing untold trouble, and care.
While it did move from place to place,
Men fell before its bloody face.
Thus far, to their delight, and pride,
The rebs had had it on their side.
The North, watching the gorey play,
Was filled with sorrow, and dismay:
To know that she, though in the right,
Had lost in nearly every fight.
The rebels, sixty thousand strong,
Bold, and determined in the wrong;
On Kentucky's eastern soil,
Skilfully did march, and toil.
Fight, and maneuver with discretion:
To force the state into secession.
Rosecran's forty thousand men,
They wanted to defeat, and win.

BATTLE OF PRESTONBURG

If his troops they had defeated,
Kentucky would then have seceded.
At Prestonburg, Big Sandy near,
On a tall hill chosen with care;
Five thousand reb soldiers did stand,
Under old Marshall's command.
Colonel James Garfield employs,
Eleven hundred Union boys;
Marshall's five thousand men to fight
Them to slaughter, or put to flight.
This brave knight from Ohio,
Did there become a great hero:
Won a never dying name;
Leaped into the halls of fame.
Garfield obscure, and poor was borne;
But conquered poverty, and scorn;
Eagerly to school he went:
Became a college president.
Then from his home in Ohio,
This brilliant young scholar did go;
The forty second to command:
A troop the rebs could not withstand.
Fought like an angry lion brave:
Our government to save,
And for complete emancipation:
Was made general by his nation.
He, Rosecran's chief of staff was made
And such intrinsic worth displayed;
That we did every battle win,
Which he participated in.
At Chicamorga, and Shiloh,
The rebs he helped to overthrow.
He was so honored and respected,
Soon he was congressman elected:
And from that to president,
This Solon from Ohio went.
Kentucky was the war theater,
Where this dauntless gladiator,

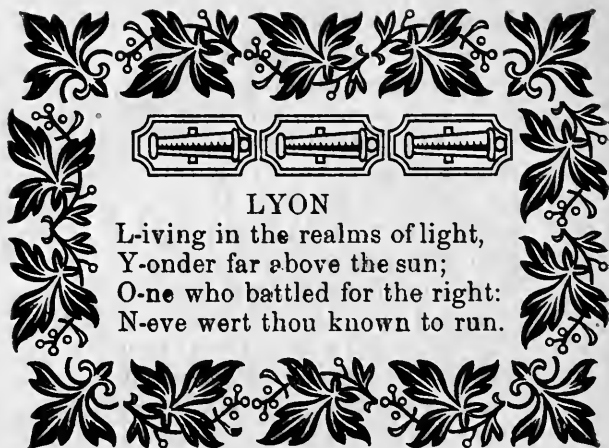
BATTLE OF PRESTONBURG

First won the hero's golden crown;
With its honors, and renown.
Of the rebs they were in sight:
Stood they in full view on a hight.
The waters of Big Sandy river,
Did with chilly breezes quiver.
The January air was cold:
But Garfield was dauntless, and bold.
Before command to shoot he gave;
He spoke to make his soldiers brave:
Said, "soldiers, in this fight to day,
Great valor, skill, and worth display.
Let not a reb before you stand:
Heap their bodies on the land.
Win this battle for your nation:
Receive then her congratulation.
To excell in any art,
You must put in to it your heart:
If in war you do the same,
You will achieve eternal fame.
This war, with its toils, and care,
Has been going on a year:
And to our disgrace, and shame,
The rebs do most the battles claim.
Deep sorrow, and consternation,
Distress the northern population.
The rebel troops greatly prevail;
The Union quivers in the scale:
And soon will fall by rebel bravery;
And all of us be held in slavery;
If we don't more bravely fight:
To uphold justice, and right.
The reason why the rebs excell,
Is because they fight so well.
Like a wild and savage beast,
That does on a man's carcass feast;
Boldly chasing men away,
Who would deprive him of his prey;
Yon' rebs who force men in slavery,
Do to keep them fight with bravery:
But they war against the light:
They war against justice, and right.

BATTLE OF PRESTONBURG

Their fight's a double crime, and sin:
War they against both God, and men.
God does upon these people frown;
And will help you to put them down;
But if with them you sympathise,
And with their crimes compromise;
Or if you think it is not right,
Against these criminals to fight;
You will go upon the field,
Void of valor, skill, and zeal:
You will be as tame as sheep:
Or like grain for them to reap.
But if you be bold in the right,
And with desperate valor fight;
You will the rebel force destroy,
And fill your nation's heart with joy.
Shoot, and cut with all your might:
Defeat those rebels before night.
Go forward boys, and win the day:
All the rebels before you slay'.
The forty second Ohio,
Against the rebs did running go.
The fourteenth Kentucky fine,
Rapidly did fall in line.
The Union cavelry most grand,
Did upon the rebels land.
All Union troops made a bold dash,
And with the rebel forces did clash.
Like a thousnd bolts of thunder;
The rebs did reel, stagger, blunder:
The Union soldiers rushed the fight:
Spreading destruction left, and right.
And after just three hour's fight,
The rebel force they put to flight.
Sixty rebs were killed in all:
Two Union soldiers dead did fall.
The victory brought consolation,
To the disheartened Union nation.





LYON

L-iving in the realms of light,
Y-onder far above the sun;
O-ne who battled for the right:
N-eve wert thou known to run.

War In Missouri

SUMMER OF 1861

Like two great tornadoes surging,
Now separating, now converging,
Overturning with their huge arms,
Whole countries, their cities, and farms
Now raged the war's relentless fury;
Both in Virginia, and Missouri.
Like wild fire it soon progressed,
Throughout the East, and middle west
Missouri rebs were very few;
Her governor Jackson that well new.
Her progressive population,
Favored the slave's emancipation:
Jackson the state neutral proclaimed:
For that he was greatly blamed.
The Union troops with captain Lyon,
With hearts, and souls stout as iron;

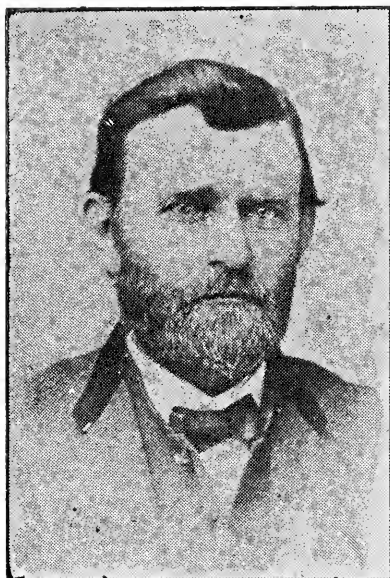
WAR IN MISSOURI

Took up guns, and swords with joy,
The rebel forces to destroy.
Took Fort Jackson in a flash:
Against Boonville they made a dash.
Marmaduke's forces at that town,
Lyon's Union troops put down.
Then to Saint Louis leading his men;
They did soon that city win:
Our arsenal there defended;
For that he was highly commended.
But when they went to Wilson's creek
O! God their fate I dread to speak:
Price, and McCulloch there did land,
All the troops in their command.
Shut Lyon in on every side;
The hero fought until he died.
Accepting terms to them tendered;
His brave soldiers surrendered.
Because he such bravery displayed,
Lyon had been a general made.
His dauntless valor's awful fury,
For the Union won Missouri.
Never has a soldier's grave,
Received a heart more stout, and brave
His brief, but dazzling career,
To our hearts is most dear.
Lyon's niches in fame's walls;
His statues gracing parks, and halls;
His white stone shafts pointing above,
Proclaim for him a nation's love:
And a progressive race of men,
Who's freedom he did help to win,
For him will speak eternal praise:
Relate his story, sing his lays.
On every decoration day,
In the delightful month of May,
They'll with flowers' deck thy grave:
Martyr who died to free the slave.
Soldiers will then their canon shoot.
Thy dauntless spirit to salute.

Battles Of Henry And Donaldson

Four champions came on the stage,
And such deadly war did wage;
Fought with such valor, skill, and zest,
They conquered all rebs in the West.
Grant, Sherman, Farragut, Pope;
Who caused the rebels to lose hope,
Of over northern soldiers winning,
Though they had a good beginning.
Grant, our nation's joy, and pride,
Oft' through the jaws of death did ride
And rescue victory's precious meat,
Out o' the stomach of defeat.
Of all heroes Grant was the best;
Napol eon, Caesar, all the rest;
Excelled the heroes of all ages,
Whose names adorn history's pages.
Grant was like the War-God bold:
Death, he did defy, and scold:
His courage, valor, zeal, and skill,
The chief part were destined to fill
In vanquishing the rebel nation;
And achieving emancipation.
He did our troops great courage lend
And brought the war to speedy end.
The Mississippi to its mouth,
Was lined with forts held by the south
The Tennessee's banks the same,
Held many forts the South did claim.
On Tennesse Fort Henry stands,
Donaldson on Cumberland's sands.
Although repulsed at Belmont,
Grant took of it little account.
To take Henry, and Donaldson planed
By gun-boat fleet, and force on land.
Halleck reluctantly consented,
But never the result repented.
Comodore Foot with his gun-boats,
To Henry, on the Tennessee floats.
While Grant, with troops in his
command,
To Fort Henry moved by land.





Ulysses S. Grant
Military Hero, And Statesman



HENRY, AND DONALDSON

Foot's gun-boats anchored off shore,
Captured garrison, fort, and store.
Grant came on the scene too late,
To help to seal Fort Henry's fate.
They both moved on to Donaldson;
And a splendid victory won.
The rebels repulsed the Union fleet:
But Grant gave them a sure defeat.
In this fight, God does show employ,
To help the rebel force destroy:
The garrison was poorly clad:
Few blankets, and wraps they had.
No fire at all by which to warm;
God blasted them with a snow storm.
While it was thus cold, and stormy;
Grant, and his dauntless Union army;
Into that fort for three whole days,
Their guns did thundering blaze:
'Til dying soldier's shrieks, and yells,
Mingling with thunder of shells;
The men by cannon balls shot down;
Lots frozen dead upon the ground;
The awful story plainly tell,
They wanted no more shot, and shell.
The rebel general Buckner wrote,
To brave general Grant a note.
The conditions to him did tender,
On which he would the fort surrender.
When Grant said for his brave nation,
Surrender without stipulation:
Or into judgment he would land,
All who dared before him stand.
As Grant prepared the fort to take,
Buckner did surrender make.
Fifteen thousand rebels in all,
Into Union hands did fall.
All of the rebels now were seen,
Leaving Columbus, and Bowling Green:
Johnson, and Beauregard directed;
At Corinth they soon collected.

Battle of Shiloh

The Union army moved to Shiloh;
And there Grant did shortly go:
He was sent to take command:
Buel's force rushed to join his band.
Johnson tried Grant's men to beat,
Before his, and Buel's troops did meet.
Groping through the dark, they found,
The Union army lying down:
Their eye-lids were locked with sleep:
They were as grain for rebs to reap.
No one dreamed the rebels near;
They stole on them all un aware.
Aurora now began to write,
With her pencils of golden light;
Old colonel Dark a long furlough:
So to Asia he could go:
And cease the rebels to assist,
With his sable mantle's mist:
Blinding the Union soldier's eyes,
So rebs could take them with surprise.
Confederate troops at break of day,
Rushed from the woods in battle array
Like bees, the rebel soldiers swarmed,
Around the Union troops un armed.
Who, tho' surprised, and unprepared;
To arm themselves, and fight, dared.
Rebel troops in every quarter,
Did sleeping Union soldiers slaughter.
The Union army, hacked, and torn,
To the river bank was bourn.
Then Grant the God of battle came,
And did them from defeat reclaim:
Determined he to die, or win;
Massed his cannon; grouped his men:
Hurled the rebs into a ravine:
The most pathetic sight e'er seen.
While they grope in mud, and water,
Shells rain on them from every quarter
Both from the army, and the fleet;
They on the groping rebels meet.

BATTLE OF SHILOH

Such havoc wrought he in their rank,
That few rebs reached the river bank.
Thus, our Grant, skilful, and brave,
Did most the Union army save:
'Til Buel's troops to aid them came;
When they did a great victory claim.
The rebels with a shameful beating,
Soon were for their lives retreating.
Surely these rebels illfated,
Both by God, and men were hated:
For as from Shiloh they retreat,
God poured on them volleys of sleet.
Before Corinth did these rebs hold,
Many of them died in the cold.
Two thousand rebs with Johnson fell;
Grant sent their wicked souls to hell.
O! God, the South, for a long season,
Had no religion, law, nor reason:
No one to help restrain the wrong;
Or shield the weak a gainst the strong.
Men looked with unconsarn at others,
Enslave, and kill their weak brothers.
Fain would they have captured God;
Made him dig their turf, and clod;
Since they enslaved his image, man;
Keep him down long as they can.
O! what a foul, corroding sin,
They participated in.
No time had Johnson to repent:
His soul straight to perdition went.
Take warning southern white men all,
Lest his sad fate should you befall.
Fifty years from thence removed;
Your character has not improved.
Your infernal lynching clans;
Are always forming lawless bands;
Murdering men of the black race,
Over the South in every place.
You southern men of education;
Who caused the South to wreck this
nation;

BATTLE OF SHILOH

So you ignorant slaves could hold;
Men like beasts be bought, and sold:
Of lynching you are all the cause;
You incite men to break the laws.
To get the offices, and rule,
You do the poor white people fool:
Make them hate the colored neighbor
Side of whom they daily labor;
And would be happy, and contented,
If they were not thus prevented.
You teach them 'tis a shame, and sin,
To vote with or for colored men:
Say they are vicious; have no rights:
That they should be ruled by whites.
Thus teaching them black men to hate
So much anger in them create,
That from trifling insults,
Brutal murder oft' results.
This lawless butchery elates,
White leaders in the southern states:
The strife they have sown bearing fruit
Prejudice taking deeper root.
Long as murder you tolerate,
You'll hold office in southern state.
Punish lynchers for their crime,
It will not be a long time,
Before they'll colored men respect;
And to office them elect.
Southern white leaders must tremble,
When to worship they assemble;
To think the offices they hold,
Are causing woes, and death untold.
You brave, and skilful northern men;
Who did such great achievements win,
By beating the slave-holding nation;
And giving a race emancipation.
The greatest work of all the ages,
That does adorn history's pages.
Future scholars will read the story;
And admire your fame, and glory.
Upon your children you have rolled,
A heritage more dear than gold.

BATTLE OF SHILOH

What is the joy of wealth, and ease,
Compared with honors such as these?
When your swords decay in rust;
Your statues crumble into dust;
You will enjoy these honors bright,
In a world of fadeless light.
Be it to northern soldier's pride,
That they fought, bled, and died;
A race's freedom to restore:
Christ himself did not do more.
Mind the smiles, and soft hand shake;
And speeches southern orators make.
Their wrongs they have not repented:
Nor their purposes relented.
Don't you see the splendid prize,
Taken away before your eyes?
The prize that your brave fathers won,
By their valor, sword, and gun.
Though in honored graves a resting,
They are silently requesting,
You the victory to complete:
If you the South again must beat.
God in his image made all men;
So they could great achievements win
Made them with latent mental powers:
That can unfold, and bloom like flowers
Made them for mutual help, and joy:
Not to enslave nor to destroy.
The world's exhaustless resources,
Of inanimate forces;
The electricity, and air,
Over the globe every where:
And all the fire, water, steam,
With which every land does teem;
These the good Creator gave,
For men to harness, and enslave:
He gave all men inventive skill;
With machines the world to fill:
To utilize these forces in;
So they can do the work of men.
When all men are educated;

BATTLE OF SHILOH

Science will be so elevated,
That all inventions will appear,
To do away with toil, and care:
So in that happy, glorious day,
Work will be the same as play.
Let no men by envy, and greed,
The nation's improvement impede.
Commodore Foote does justly claim,
His statues in the halls of fame;
For his valor skill, and cunning;
In doing such effective gunning,
At Henry, Donaldson, Shiloh;
Helping Grant to overthrow,
Confederates, and them to beat;
Compelling thousands to retreat.
Though old hungry time devours;
His monuments, and lofty towers;
He still will flourish in this rhyme:
Immune to ravages of time.
Beauregard's Confederate band,
Into Corinth then did land;
Halleck led Union soldiers there;
And Beauregard escaped else where.
As Beauregard retreating flies,
Halleck the city occupies.
The Union soldiers now controlled,
That Confederate strong hold.



The Army Race

Now did two great armies race;
To gain a most important place.
For Louisville both armies dash;
Both plunge the spur, both ply the lash
Three hundred miles the race

extended;

It was a spectacle most splendid.

Each with a hundred thousand men;

Striving hard the race to win:

With their bright regalia;

And war paraphernalia.

Wagons, and team in endless trains,

Stretching over the western planes:

Swords clanking, horses neighing;

Banners flying, music playing.

Now slow, and restful moves the mass:

Now galloping, they onward pass.

As the columns march along,

Spectators watching either throng,

Are with admiration thrilled:

Or with consternation filled.

Had you on air-ship been placed;

Watching these armies as they raced,

You would have seen a demonstration

The grandest ever in this nation.

No tournament of any place;

Nor Greek, and Roman chariot race:

Was half so interesting, and grand,

As armies racing through the land.

Federalists, and rebels fly;

Kentucky state to occupy.

Buel, and his Union men,

In this splendid race did win.

At Perryville ensued a fight:

Bragg escaped from Buel at night.

While Grant's army was divided,

The Confederates decided;

To go, and slaughter our brave men;

Corenth take, and hold a gain.

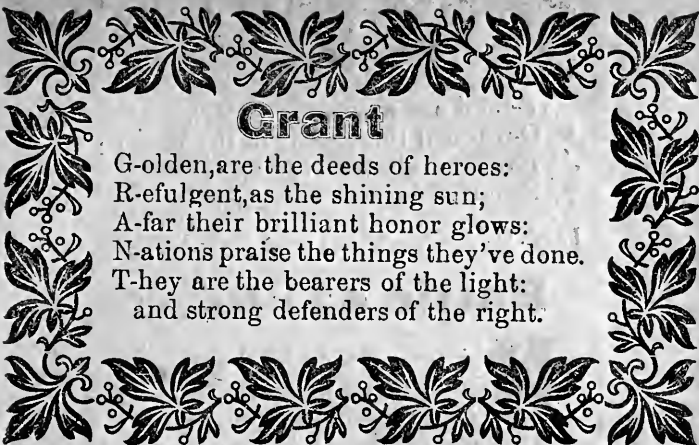
Albert Price, and Earl Vandorn,

Leads their forces on that morn.

At Corinth on Grant they fall;
He defeats their forces all.

BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO

Bragg at Murfreesboro standing:
Sixty thousand men commanding
On his northern expedition;
Excited general Rosecran's suspicion:
Who from Nashville moved his train;
To meet Bragg's army in the plane.
These two generals, far a part;
Masters of the martial art;
The same plan of attack pursue;
As nearer they together drew.
As onward over planes they pass,
Both on the left their armies mass:
Thinking the others line drawn out;
And he'd go through it with a shout.
The rebel's strong left wing dashes;
It with the Union right clashes.
The scattered Union right wing reeled:
Might have been driven from the field;
Had not Sheridan stood his ground,
While Rosecran's army moves around:
New trenches dig, a new front forms;
Prepares to meet the deadly storms,
Of terrific shot, and shell,
That thick as rain among them fell.
Four times this front the rebs assailed:
Four times the rebel army failed.
They to the Union trenches went;
But this assault they did repent.
Like salamanders, born in fire,
The Union troops the charge admire:
While in this inferno they stand;
Driving back the rebel band.
The Confederate general Bragg,
Surrendered, and took down his flag.
No longer did they hope to win,
Kentucky from the Union men.
Thus Sheridan leaped into fame;
And immortalized his name.
When in a sea of blood submerged;
And fire, and death around him surged
He came out a brilliant hero:
Triumphant over the foe.



Grant

G-older, are the deeds of heroes:
R-efulgent, as the shining sun;
A-far their brilliant honor glows:
N-ations praise the things they've done.
T-hey are the bearers of the light:
and strong defenders of the right.

Battle of Vicksburg

Pon Mississippi river stands,
Vicksburg, in Confederate hands.
The Union army quickly goes,
To capture those slave-holding foes.
Sherman's brigade there floats,
In Poter's Federal gun-boats.
Grant rushes soldiers there by rail;
But fate causes his plans to fail.
Vandorn's cavalymen in haste,
Dash to Holly Springs, and waste,
His stores of powder, balls, and guns;
Away the caveley now runs.
Grant waited for another chance,
Against Vicksburg to advance.
Disappointment is a matter;
That often men's arrangements shatter
Ample means are oft' provided,
To do things we have long decided;
When in contengencies will wander,
And tear our brilliant plans asunder.
But go forward, have good cheer;
We have ten smiles for every tear:
Ten days of joy to one of care:
Fewer cloudy days than fair.
Don't stop because your efforts fail;
Perseverence will prevail.



Pope

P-roud are we of thy career:
O-n board the vessels of thy nation:
P-utting rebels on the bier;
E-stablishing emancipation.

Battle of I'No.10

All rebs from Columbus withdrew;
The Union gun-boats them persue
They land on Island Number Ten:
And were captured by Union men.
Three weeks the roaring guns of Foote,
Their title to the place dispute;
Until the Union captain Pope,
Caused his dauntless soldiers to hope.
Standing on the river's brim;
The rebel army facing him;
His resourceful genius found,
A plan to get his troops around,
To the rebel army's rear,
And fire their guns upon them there.
Cross Donaldson's Point,a canel,
In nineteen days they did cut well:
Twelve miles in length,fifty feet wide;
His men through it in boats did glide.
Then the awful charge began;
The gun-boats the batteries ran:
Thundered on rebs from front,and rear
A storm of shells they could not bare.
The Union soldiers soon did win,
The fort,and seven thousand men.
The gun-boats next go down the rive,
And a death wound do deliver:
To the Confederate iron-clad fleet;
It receives a great defeat.
On Memphis next the gun-boats call;
Took city,soldiers,fort,and all.
Kentucky,and west Tennessee,
From rebel armies now were free.

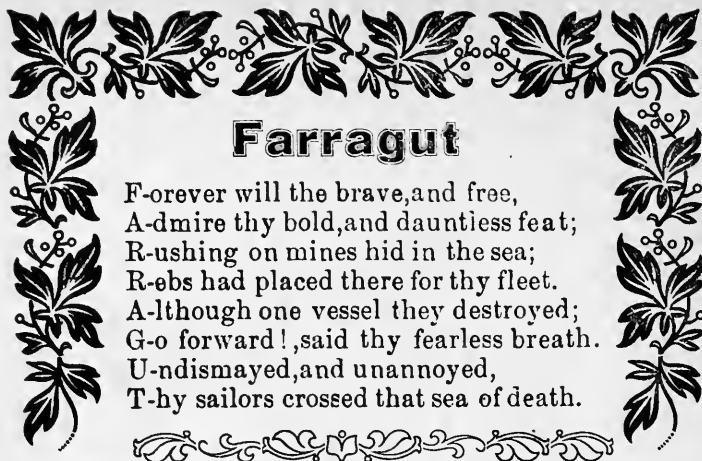


Curtis

C-onquerer of matchless worth,
U-pon the fields of blood, and fire;
R-enowned art thou all over earth:
T-hy brave deeds all men admire.
I-n parks are thy monuments tall:
S-tatues hast thou in honor's hall.

Battle of Pea Ridge

Curtis now comes on the stage,
And he, relentless war does wage;
His most brave, and generous toil
For the Union gaining soil.
Into Arkansas from Missouri,
He drove P rice with desperate fury.
Vandorn does now the rebs command:
Curtis on his troops did land.
The Federal army did rend,
A mighty force of rebel men.
At Pea Ridge was waged this fight:
They vanquished the rebels quite.
While they grappled to excel,
So mahy rebel soldiers fell;
And Indians the rebs employd,
Amased, excited, and annoyed;
Startled to see big guns on wheels,
Whose noise their war-cry conceals:
Disconcerted, they leap, and yell;
'Til mangled by a bursting shell.
They the hard pressed rebels hindered,
And general Vandorn surrendered.
This is the irony of fat;
That does on wicked people wait:
The instruments they do employ,
Others to injure, or destroy;
Do often on themselves rebound;
When their schemes fall to the ground



Farragut

F-orever will the brave, and free,
A-dmire thy bold, and dauntless feat;
R-ushing on mines hid in the sea;
R-obs had placed there for thy fleet.
A-lthough one vessel they destroyed;
G-o forward!, said thy fearless breath.
U-ndismayed, and unannoyed,
T-hy sailors crossed that sea of death.

Battle of New Orleans

Night put on his starry crown;
On his great black throne sat down
Donned his spacious sable robe
Its shadow darkened half the globe.
While this thick, and blinding mist,
Thieves, and murderers assist,
Good men avail themselves of it,
Lawless bandits to outwit.
While the soldiers were a sleeping;
And the night away was creeping;
Farragut awake, was thinking;
His head shaking, and eyes blinking:
Searching in his spacious mind,
Some method quick, and sure to find;
'Pon New Orleans a raid to make,
That city to subdue, and take.
The fleet must go past the defenses;
Bnt O ! God, the consequences.
On his mind a plan now flashes;
Among his officers he dashes,
Delivering them this command,
"Take squads of men out on the land,
Get wagon loads of boughs, and twigs;
Put over the gun-boats, and their rigs:
Take advantage of the night:
Do the work without a light.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

You can the gun-boats so disguise,
They may deceive the rebels' eyes;
As we move on down the stream,
The trees along the shore we'll seem".
Quickly they performed the task:
Every boat had on its mask.
Then Farragut his men addressed:
Encouraged them to do their best:
Said "Soldiers gallant, brave, and true,
I much respect, and honor you,
For the brave deeds you have done;
For your many battles won.
With triumph your arms are blessed,
In both the east, and middle west.
Maryland, and West Virginia;
Missouri, (thus the states continue:)
Kentucky our army gains;
It in the Union still remains:
Fort Monroe, and Hatters Inlet,
Took we away to their regret:
Fort Henry, also Donelson,
Are two strongholds that we won;
At Shiloh, and Number Ten,
We did two great victories win:
Perriville, Corinth Murfreesboro,
Saw us the rebels overthrow.
At Pea Ridge it was our pride,
To have victory on our side.
We want the Mississippi river,
So rebel steamers can't deliver,
Either soldiers or supplies,
To any state that on it lies.
First her ports we must blockade:
Then we must through Virginia wade.
The rebels now are failing fast:
Not much longer can they last:
Their numbers few, supplies small,
That nation soon is doomed to fall.
God has turned from them his face:
There is for slave-holders no place,
Where they can live in peace longer;

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

And oppress men because stronger.
Every Union soldier fights,
To defend men's natural rights.
The right to freedom, right to vote:
The right to be statesmen of note.
Right to achieve through education;
High honors in the state, and nation.
Your highest earthly aim,
Should be your neighbors to reclaim,
From both outward, and inward harm;
And them into real saints reform.
So as children of the light,
With brilliant minds, and lives upright;
They'll perform deeds, and words
express,

That may every nation bless.
The men, and women of all nations,
Are your equals, and relations,
Whom, when oppressed in any land,
You should lend a helping hand.
When taxed without representation,
By the haughty British nation,
Europe did the wrong deplore;
And send her armies to our shore.
Lafayette, Steuben, and Rochambeau,
Helped us her armies overthrow.
In this nation's capital fair,
Is to be seen Lafayette square:
A park in Washington where stand,
Statues of those who loaned a hand,
To help set Americans free;
Brave men from far beyond the sea.
The park our white house faces;
Flowers, and statues it embraces.
The greatest gain to be received;
Highest honor to be achieved,
Is the consolation, and joy,
You have when you do employ,
Your money, skill, and bravery,
To wipe out wrong, and slavery.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

Houses, and gold will pass away;
All earthly pomp will soon decay:
But fame by chivalrous deeds won,
Will always shine bright as the sun.
I can't resist the invitation,
To fight for freedom, and my nation.
When breaking the tyrant's rod,
We are also serving God.
And we have nothing to fear:
Of our souls God will take care.
If we die doing our duty,
Our lives will end in perfect beauty.
It is just now three o'clock.
Loose the gun-boats from the dock.
Move on slowly down the stream;
So that we the trees will seem.
If they shoot us from the shore,
Fix them so they'll shoot no more".
Like lions watching prey to move,
The rebs discover, and reprove.
Thundered big guns along the shore:
From Union ships a volley tore.
The guns from forty four gun-boats,
Sang destruction's awful notes:
While forts, and batteries reply,
The Union sailors death defy.
The bombardment was so profound,
For forty miles it shook the ground;
Shattering window glasses out;
And killing all the fish about.
Passing the fort, the Union fleet;
The rebel iron clad ships defeat.
The steam battery Louisiana,
Surrendered her rebel banner.
The iron plaited ram, Manassas,
Into Union service passes.
The fleet now to New Orleans runs,
Which lay helpless before its guns.
The rebels now begin to fear,
Being attacked in the rear;
Surrender into union hands:
The river's mouth it now commands.

The Peninsula

CAMPAIGN

Both nations now did grimly frown,
And on each others heads cut down
Grappled with their strength, and art,
To tear out each others heart.
For Washington the South did strive:
To take Richmond the North contrived.
Each drew again on their resources,
To make more powerful their forces.
When the conflict was renewed;
Each one so skilfully persued,
And fought the other with such zeal,
That neither long could claim the field.
But Unionists, bold in the right,
Did with such dauntless valor fight,
So long as men shall honor worth,
Their praise shall wring all over earth.
The Union army now does go,
From Washington to Fort Monroe;
Thence, a hundred thousand strong,
To York Town they marched along.
Here with five thousand men Magruder
Stopped every Union intruder.
From Washington comes heavy guns,
And away Magruder runs,
Behind the Williamsburg defenses;
McClellan to march there commences.
In bloody battle they engaged,
Which for nine whole hours raged.
General Hooker, "Fighting Joe",
There became a great hero:
He held the rebel troops at bay,
'Til reinforcements came his way.
The rebels stagger, fall, and die;
Bleeding from the field they fly.
Behind them Hooker's troops continue
Nearly to Richmond Virginia.
Much blood on the ground was lying.
The fields were heaped with dead, and
dying.

PENINSULA CAMPAIGN

They did to Richmond go so near,
They saw her steeples in the air.
Soon as Richmond gets this news,
An awful panic there ensues:
A bloody siege these rebels fear,
From the Union army near.
The reb congress at once adjourned.
This way, and that the people turned.
All were wild with consternation,
Dreading a federal invasion.
The rebs resort to martial art,
To make the Union troops depart.
To Hanover court house flies,
A force to cut off their supplies
And thirty thousand federalists,
Marching McClellan to assist.
The Union troops with Poter came,
Captured the rebels there, and clame,
Honor of having comrades shield,
And being masters of the field.
For them the evergreen does grow:
Flowers for them do ever blow.
Men, and angels do admire,
The fame which they did here acquire.
McClellan for McDowell waited,
Whom circumstances had belated.
Had his men come, and joined his band
On Richmond he had ment to land.
But Johnston's military art,
Keeps these Union men apart:
Sends Jackson up Shenandoah Valley
'Gainst Washington to make a sally.
Joined with Euel's ten thousand men,
From Banks he did Strassburg win.
The Shattered Union forces run,
For refuge back to Washington.
As they into the city swarmed,
The people were greatly allarmed.
Lincoln then with keen discretion,
Took of all railroads posession,
Called on all governors to send,

PENINSULA CAMPAIGN

Their state soldiers to defend,
The capital of their nation,
Against a confederate invasion.
From Franklin sends Fremont's troop;
Banks with Harper's Ferry group;
McDowell with Fredericksburg men;
Jackson to conquer, and bring in.
Adroit, and shrewd as a coon,
For all of them he was too soon.
At Cross Keys Fremont did him bay:
But there Jackson refused to stay.
Fremont's troop he soon defeated,
To Port Republic then retreated:
Had a battle there with Shields;
Drove him five miles from the fields.
He from Shenandoah retreated,
Without having been defeated.
As from the valley he retired,
Jackson all towns, and bridges fired.
With fifteen thousand rebs in gray,
From sixty thousand got away.
Dexterously foiling all plans,
To make him fall in Union hands.
He threatened Washington to sack,
And saved Richmond from attack.
Apart of McClellan's forces,
Cross Chickahominy river courses.
Then came up a heavy rain;
The waters flooded all the plane;
These dashing waters, deep, and wide,
McClellan's Union troops divide.
The rebs attack the exposed wing,
And drive before them every thing.
But general Sumner's troops now leap,
Across the bridges there, and sweep,
The rebel soldiers all away,
So Union troops could win the day.
Johnson here a wound was given:
The rebels from the field were driven.
General Sumner, gallant, brave,
Thus did the Union army save.

PENINSULA CAMPAIGN

He was then embraced by fame:
Him as her consort she did cliam.
On his lips a kiss she pressed:
Held his head upon her breast.
Gave him the hero's golden crown:
Eternal honors, and renown.
Lee came forward to direct,
The rebs the Union troops to check.
He, such shrewd maneuvers made,
He did McClellan's troops evade.
Forced Union soldiers to fall back:
Thus saving Richmond from attack.
Then sent he Stewart off a flying;
To waste supplies that were lying;
By the railroad near Whitehouse;
He did this quiet as a mouse.
'Round Union soldiers he did drive;
And back to Richmond went a live.
The Union troops attempt to go,
Richmond to take, and overthrow;
Hooker's brigade had got in sight,
Of Richmond's lofty houses white;
Now Jackson, and his men appear,
At Hanover Courthouse near;
Cutting off from Whitehouse landing,
Union troops at Richmond standing.
Resolving now to change his base,
To a more convenient place,
McClellan chose the James river;
Ere he could there supplies deliver,
From York river, his present place,
Lee's whole army did him face.
They checked Lee at Mechanicsville:
Again repulsed him at Gain's mill.
Here Poter did most desperately fight,
By Chicahominy's waters bright;
From the bridge the rebels turned,
Then the river bridge he burned.
Lee sent Longstreet, Magruder Hill,
With troops the Union force to kill.
The Union army fought Magruder,
At Savage station, but the intruder;

PENINSULA CAMPAIGN

Was checked by the approach of night
Then he escaped from their sight.
Rebs with Hill, and Longstreet swarm,
Round Union troops at Frazier's farm.
Such stout defense Unionists make,
Their line the rebs could never break.
After much fighting, constant marching
Dust blinding them, and sun a parching
The Unionists at night did go,
For rest in fort Malvern Plateau.
This mighty fort of clay, and sand,
Was like an amphi theater grand:
Circles of frowning guns did rise,
Upon each other to the skies.
The gun-boats anchored in the water,
Offered assistance from that quarter.
Into this double Inferno,
General Lee's army did go.
Twenty thousand died on the altar,
Before Lee's hopes to win did falter.
McClellan, Union troops commanding,
Went quietly to Warrenton's Landing.
Lee now Washington annoys;
From Richmond dash the Union boys.
McClellan with his army ran,
To join Pope on the Rapidan.
Lee exerted his skill, and art,
To keep Pope, and McClellan apart.
Sends Jackson in Unionists rear,
To make assault upon them there.
On he went through Thoroughfare gap;
Thinking he'd caught them in a trap:
Stood in the rear at Bristi's station,
Prepared for Pope's annihilation;
By double attack from front, and rear,
By his rebel forces there:
But Lee had in general Pope,
One whose skill could with his cope.
Pope seeing the rebels divided,
To fall on Jackson he decided:
Planned to beat Jackson, then take Lee;
And Washington from fear to free.

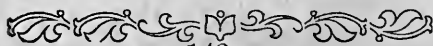
This scheme to nothing had to go,
 Because McClellan came too slow.
 And Pope with forty thousand men,
 On all sides was now shut in;
 But fought like angry lions they;
 And from the rebels got away.
 They fought through all the rebel force
 And back to Washington did course.
 This bloody battling was done,
 On the old field of Bull Run.
 McClellan's cowardice had cost,
 Thirty thousand Unionists lost.
 No greater doubt, alarm, and awe,
 Had the North faced in all the war.

Battle of Antietam

As when wolves drive men away
 And then return to seek their prey
 Lee goes back through Maryland,
 Raising troops on every hand.
 On Washington to march, and fall;
 And vanquish Union forces all.
 With his troops organized a new,
 After the rebs McClellan flew.
 On the way this general found,
 A paper lying on the ground:
 At once did McClellan see,
 That it was lost by general Lee.
 When he did this paper unfold,
 It plainly to McClellan told,
 How General Lee by his own hand,
 Had specified his marching plan.
 Learned he that Lee's men were divided
 To fight his rear he then decided.
 Drove he them to South Mountain pass
 And fought the rebels in a mass.
 The Union troops poured in the field,
 And compelled them all to yield.
 Lee perceiving his mistake,
 Across Antietam creek did take,
 The remnant of his vanquished men;
 And from there he bid begin,

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM

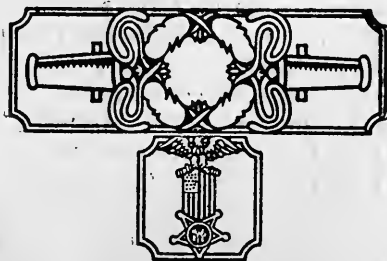
To organizing his troops a new;
And back to fight McClellan flew.
As rapidly as he could be,
Jackson was coming to help Lee.
Hooker's and Burnside's brigade,
Hastned to McClellan's aid.
McClellan might have won the day,
Had it not been for his delay:
Gave Jackson time to join Lee's men,
Before he did the fight begin.
Aurora looked through golden bars
Upon the frowning field of mars:
Old stelthy, cunning, sable night,
Saw her shining swords of light,
Dressed in black, refuge he seeks,
Behind the western mountain peaks.
When old swarthy night had gon;
Day's bright king sat on his throne:
Saw fory thousand rebs in gray:
Eighty thousand yankees that day.
Hooker did Lee's left wing engage,
And was swept from off the stage.
Both sides did now recruit their powers,
The war raged dreadfully for hours.
Burnside reached the field of fight,
Too late to help the Union right.
That night the rebels under Lee.
Across the Potomac did flee.
Six weeks hense Unionists continue,
Their march onward in Virginia.
No rebel army standing near,
Washington was relieved from fear.
Lincoln read the proclamation,
That gave all slaves emancipation.
Men, and angels did shout, and sing;
Guns did thunder, and bells did wring;
Freedom's friends in every nation,
Rejoiced at emancipation.



Raids Made

BY BURNSIDE

Like a planet's silvery blaze,
Emitting far its brilliant rays,
Another hero bursts in sight;
Shines on the world intensely bright:
He is the Union's joy, and pride;
The wise, and fearless Burnside.
He did the Union troops inspire,
Many victories to acquire.
Celestial Muse, his praises sing:
Let them through endless ages wring:
Americans, sweet flowers bring;
Lay on his grave every spring:
Adorn his little mound of clay,
Every decoration day.
On Roanoke Island stands a fort;
The key to many a rebel port:
The guard for railroads, rivers, sounds,
Runing through those rebel grounds;
Be it to his joy, and pride,
Its men surrendered to Burnside.
Fort Monroe, Elizabeth City;
Surrendered to Burnside witty.
Fernandina, and fort clench,
Darean, Jacksonville they lynch.
Pulaski, and St. Augustine,
Had two Union victories seen.
Both New Bern, and Fort Macon too,
Burnside's army overthrew.
In most the cities by the sea,
Burnside did set the slaves free.



Second Battle OF VICKSBURG

Vicksburg, its great forts, and stores,
On Mississippi river's shores,
Grant, to capture, long had sought:
Here for weeks he'd toiled, and fought.
Firm, as Gibraltar, still it stands:
Invulnerable to hostile hands.
By failure, Grant was undismayed,
But greater skill, and worth displayed;
The next time he besieged this town:
And tried, its forts to battle down.
Leaning against a big white oak,
Thus bold Grant to his soldiers spoke:
"My soldiers, of intrinsic worth,
You are honored throughout the earth:
Your great valor, skill, and zeal,
Proved on many a battlefield;
Have won your nation's praise, and
mine:

Your service thus far has been fine.
You have such splendid fighting done,
That, your arms have many states won.
When Vicksburg from rebels you wrest;
You'll hold this river, and the West.
For three whole years the eastern states,
Have been the cruel sport of fates:
Union leaders have trifled so,
That their progress has been slow:
But when we at Antietam won,
The rebels saw that they were done.
Unrestrained, our troops continue,
Marching towards Richmond Virginia.
Now, our hardest work is done:
The rest will only be but fun.
In all the battles that await,
Our brave heroes emulate.
Like them vanquish the rebel forces:
Like them capture their resources:
Like them plunge through cannon fire,
And splendid victories acquire.
'Fore God, your souls are pure, and white
Because you battle for the right.

SECOND BATTLE OF VICKSBURG

Justice directs the arms you wield:
Truth is your protecting shield:
Though the war continues long,
These will surely conquer wrong.
This land is for the free, and brave:
No person here should be a slave.
All should be trained in the high school
All men should vote, and help to rule:
All men should to greatness aspire;
And much good for the world acquire.
Put you all tyranny to flight:
Fill this nation with freedom's light.
A human being's mortal arm;
No greater service can perform:
Than the nation's wrongs to right,
And to dispense freedom, and light.
You'll thus yourselves immortalize:
And be lauded to the skies.
Your statues, and monuments tall;
Busts, and portraits in fame's hall;
The famous bard's immortal lay;
And what historic annals say;
Will through all ages grace your name
All you heroic sons of fame.
If southern white men should refuse,
Colored office-holders to chose,
And persist in keeping that race,
In servitude, and disgrace;
They will resort to emigration:
Live in their own states, and nation.
There with restraints taken away,
They will great energy display.
In culture, enterprise, and worth,
They'll soon excell all men on earth.
Vicksburg will fall into your hands,
If you now carry out my plans.
The fleet must past these forts glide.
The army march down the west side:
Take boats, and sail across the stream:
From all sides on the rebels team.
Those batteries are eight miles long:
And lined with guns heavy, and strong:

SECOND BATTLE OF VICKSBURG

If you pass that dangerous wall,
You will through death's intestines
crawl.

It is so hazzardous a task;
I cannot that much of you ask.
All of yon can go who chose;
Those who donot may refuse.
All who past those batteries fly,
Will then be lauded to the sky.
It is the shortest road to fame:
And to a never dying name.
You'll win all people's admiration:
And be promoted by your nation.
Most every one tendered his name:
To go on that voyage of fame.
Shortly there had been enrolled,
More than the boats would hold.
They were selected then by lot:
Their names on cards,placed in a pot:
Drawn out by a hood winked boy:
To the number they would employ.
One man,whose name stayed in the pot,
Offered to buy a boy's lot:
Offered a hundred dollars cash,
To take his place in that grand dash.
Preferring deathless fame to gold,
The boy never his ticket sold.
Down the stream,the first gun-boat,
Close to the western bank did float:
In the dark shadow of the trees:
The rebel army soon it sees.
Kindles a bonfire right away;
Which shows the gun-boats plain as day
Like a thousand huge volcanoes;
From which a firey deluge flows:
In deadly streams,for miles away;
That do all living creatures slay;
The guns from the batteries yell:
When sheets of fire,shot,and shell;
Upon the Union gun-boats fall:
But they ran past the big guns all.

SECOND BATTLE OF VICKSBURG

Ferried the troops to other side;
Only a few of them had died.
They fought the rebs at Port Gibson:
When Grant defeated Pemberton.
Johnson was coming, miles away,
To assist Pemberton that day:
Grant, moved to Jackson, 'tween the two
And Johnson's forces overthrew.
Chased Pemberton to Champion Hills:
Hundreds of his soldiers kills:
To Big Black River next he flies:
Shutup in Vicksburg, next he lies.
Grant did twice Vicksburg assault:
Twice there the Union soldiers halt.
They threw up embankments of clay:
To keep the rebel shots away.
Mines, and counter mines they made:
The riflemen the rebs surveyed.
When ones head shown above the fort,
A Union rifle made report:
The reb was slaughtered in a flash:
Dead in the trenches he did dash.
All 'over town the buildings fell:
Mangled by Union shot, and shell.
The rebels faced annihilation;
And surrendered to our nation.
Grant's energy, and skill had won,
What others said could not be done.



THE BATTLE OF Fort Fisher

Fort Fisher, with her frowning guns,
Past which, Cape Fear river runs;
Standing near that river's mouth;
Was 'mong the strongest in the South.
Wilmington, a town of high rank,
On that river's eastern bank;
North Carolina's chief sea-port,
Was protected by that great fort.
Several towns of smaller size,
From Wilmington get their supplies;
By which the rebels are made strong:
And able the war to prolong.
A combined land, and naval force;
Towards Fort Fisher now does course;
Sent by Grant from Fort Monroe:
Fort Fisher's walls to overthrow.
Poter, the brave commodore,
With seventy gun-boats, or more;
And all of Butler's lusty legion;
Proceeded to that rebel region.
Two days of bombardment profound;
Failed, that fort to battle down.
Butler to Grant then did report,
That they could not capture the fort.
Butler's land-forces now go,
Rapidly, back to Fort Monroe.
Decides Poter to wait a while;
Asks Grant for another trial:
Said he if all, their best had done,
They'd easily have that fort won.
Terry, with Butler's troops, and more,
Grant sent to aid the commodore.
Protected by a cannonade,
These brave soldiers, and sailors made,
Some trenches, behind which they crawl
'Til they are near Fort Fisher's wall.
Now, fiercely they the fort attack:
But the sailors are driven back.
But those intrepid soldiers all,
Leaped over that thundering wall.

Waged a fierce hand to hand battle;
And slaughtered rebel troops like cattle.
The Union soldiers, black, and white,
Did, with such fierce valor fight,
That Fort Fisher, its stores, and all,
Into Unionist's hands did fall.
Those who into honor's hall climb,
Whether, in war, or peaceful time;
Oftimes do fail, and try again;
Before they do the victory win.

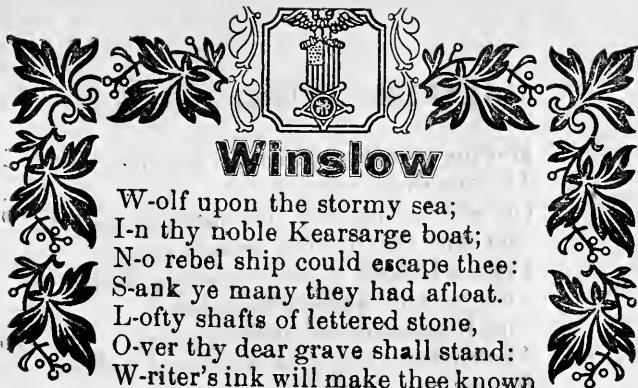
Battle of Mobile

Mobile's spacious, ponderous fort,
Guarding that great southern port;
Looming up on fair Mobile bay;
Before Farragut's gun-boats lay.
These boats, in pairs, together lashed;
Rapidly, past the huge fort dashed.
Farragut, from the Hartford's mast,
Reviewed those gun-boats as they passed
Many a fierce torpedo mine,
The channel there did thickly line.
The foremost gun-boat was the first,
A torpedo-mine to burst.
The explosion did sink that boat:
Bold Farragut heard the report:
And shouted, "what's the matter there!"
The answer came, "torpedoes here."
Admiral Farragut's reply,
Was, "go a head, and them defy."
As these gun-boats did forward rush,
Their keels, torpedo mines did crush.
The bursting caps did whine, and sputter
Against those boats, reproaches utter.
Though all those torpedoes were loaded
Not another one exploded.
In a great storm of cannon balls,
They fought past these thundering walls

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE

After battling just one hour,
They did the soldiers overpower.
Engaged the rebel fleet below;
And did their ships overthrow.
Took the Tennessee iron-clad;
To surrender the rebs were glad.
By reason of this expert gunning,
The port was closed 'gainst blockade
running.

If Farragut had been afraid,
And off those fierce torpedoes stayed;
Had he from those deadly mines run,
That battle he would not have won.
When men put their lives in stake,
An opening for the right to make;
When they for justice risk their lives,
And rush upon the guns, and knives;
All nature seems to love the bold,
When death they thus defy, and scold:
Plunge into the huge jaws of death,
Emurge with victory, fame, and breath.
Guns seem all heroes to admire:
At them they oft' refuse to fire.
An Indian chief, in war one day,
Shot Washington five yards away.
At him fifteen times he shot:
But hit the hero he could not.
When he became the president,
To Washington the old chief went;
To honor him who on the field,
The great spirit from death did shield.
In Fort Moultry's bombardment;
Sergeant Jasper, safely went;
Out in a storm of cannon balls,
And fixed the flag upon the walls.
The galaxy of heroes bright,
Embraced Farragut with delight:
Gave him a coronet of gold:
Because he was dauntless, and bold.



Winslow

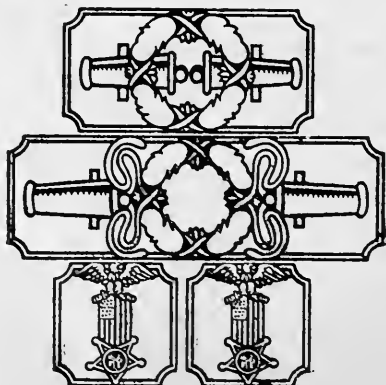
W-olf upon the stormy sea;
I-n thy noble Kearsarge boat;
N-o rebel ship could escape thee:
S-ank ye many they had afloat.
L-ofty shafts of lettered stone,
O-ver thy dear grave shall stand:
W-riter's ink will make thee known
among scholars in every land.

THE ALABAMA AND KEARSARGE

Now bursts upon the sky of fame,
A star with a brilliant flame.
It is brave captain Winslow,
Who became a great hero,
When he, the Alabama sank:
A British steamer of high rank.
England was a neutral nation:
But, broke her neutralization:
When she sent cruisers to out-strip,
And capture every merchant-ship,
That was then in navigation,
Belonging to the Union nation.
The Alabama, big, and strong,
She sent, though we denounced the
wrong,
As a cruel, unfriendly act;
But she refused to call her back.
She sent her to the Azores:
Where she received her crew, and stores.
Charge of her, captain Semmes takes:
Straight for Cherbourg France he makes
When, into that French port he runs,
He challenges Winslow's guns.
Winslow, captain of Kearsarge;
A Union sloop of war large.
The bold Kearsarge does now advance,

ALABAMA AND KEARSARGE

Her foe to vanquish near France.
The surging ocean is the stage,
On which they did the battle wage.
The duel off Cherbourg took place.
France looked on with smiling face.
The gallant captain Winslow,
The Kearsarge did maneuver so,
That there in sight of laughing France,
He made the Alabama dance.
His cannon balls that cruiser found,
While in a ring she sailed around.
Seven times danced she around,
Then to the bottom went she down.
Then the Kearsarge did rescue,
The Alabama's drowning crew.
Her rebel captain Semmes found,
Refuge on board the Deerhound.
The Deerhound, an English yacht,
Which chanced to be near the spot.
Long live the fame of Winslow:
For him may flowers ever grow.
Let all, his honored grave admire:
And learn from it, fame to acquire.
Learn how the tyrants to destroy,
And fill the world with peace, and joy.



THE BATTLE OF **Lookout Mountains**

The rebel troops lay East, and West,
Along tall Lookout Mountain's crest
On Missionary Ridge were seen;
And along the valley green.
The scenery in that grand theater;
Was carved out by the great Creator.
Missionary Ridge, a lofty mountain;
A valley with a crystal fountain.
Green foliage covered the ground:
Lovely flowers bloomed around.
The birds, from melodious throats,
Sang out freedom's joyous notes.
The rills chanting delightful rhyme;
A scene most pretty, and sublime.
The Union troops, on dress parade,
A spectacle most splendid made.
Effulgence was from swords streaming:
Bayonets, and helmets gleaming.
The eighty thousand yankees bold,
Against that rebel army rolled.
As they were for battle arraying,
The bands were thrilling music playing.
The sun upon his throne of gold,
Did with joy that scene behold:
Was glad that battle-field to light,
So men for freedom's cause could fight.
The soldiers were so animated;
Their spirits so elevated;
The officers, near at hand,
Could hardly their troops command.
A bold dash, general Thomas makes:
And, Orchard Knobs, he quickly takes.
The next day, Hooker's force, enlarged,
The forts on Lookout Mountain charged.
They did not heed command to stop,
But rushed on to the mountain top.
Driving the rebels from the crest,
Achieving there a grand conquest.
A mist of rain did so enshroud,
This awful battle in the cloud;
That, those who saw it from the plane,
Only a glimpse of it could gain.

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNT'S

Oppressors can't rest any where:
Neither on earth,nor in the air.
The northern wing did Sherman storm:
Hooker's troops on the South did form.
Grant,about the center stayed:
Waiting to see it weaker made:
By the removal of its men;
To help the left,and right to win.
Soon he saw an open space,
In it Thomas' brigade he placed.
Told them the rifles to acquire:
Then from the battle to retire.
The works,they carried at the base:
And onward these brave soldiers race:
Their valor did brave Grant so thrill,
He ordered them to take the hill.
Up the steep,and rocky ascent,
These heroic soldiers went:
With many loud,and cheering yells,
In the face of shots,and shells.
Far a head Union flags did wave:
Above the helmets of the brave.
Heedless of the dead,and dying,
That before them were a lying;
With the rebel brigade they clashed.
And it from Lookout Mountains dashed.
Then a deluge of shot,and shell;
Upon those flying rebels fell.
Flashing camp fires that night,
Upon the lofty'ridge,and height:
Filled the rebel troops with awe.
For they had enough of war.
When Chattanooga Grant acquired,
From the service Bragg retired.
Grant,a door-way had made,
By which he could the East invade.



Sherman

S-oldier, by whose valor, and worth,
H-olds this nation her honored name:
E-very country on the earth,
R-ecord in histories thy fame.
M-ighty thunder-bolt wert thou:
A-gainst southern slave holders all:
N-eath thy strokes the South did bow:
when chains off every slave did fall-

BATTLE OF KNOXVILLE

Union soldiers then could go,
Through Tennessee, and overthrow,
All of the Confederate hosts,
'Long eastern sea, and river coasts.
Leaving Virginia, Burnside,
Into Tennessee did slide:
And so many rebs destroyed,
That he, Jeff Davis annoyd.
The Confederate president;
Then, to Chattanooga went:
Talked with Bragg, reviewed his men;
Saw they had no chance to win:
Then, sent he general Longstreet,
Burnside's Union toops to defeat.
Soon into Knoxville Tennessee,
Burnside's army had to flee.
They severed its communication,
Threatened yankees with starvation.
When Chattanooga Grant did win,
He sent Sherman, and his men,
Away, to Knoxville Tennessee;
The Union soldiers there to free.
When news of this came to Longstreet,
He resolved Burnside to beat:
And frustrate general Grant's plot;
Before Sherman could reach the spot.
Longstreet charged with dauntless soul,
But Union troops did Knoxville hold:
'Til Sherman's army came in sight;
When Longstreet's whole brigade took
flight.



Thomas

T-hough wrong-doers try thee to slay,
H-old up the flag of truth, and light.
O-pen to all a brighter day:
M-ake every tyrant do right.
A-ll guns could never daunt brave men,
S-truggling freedom to win.

THE BATTLE OF Chicamauga

Rosecrans, after long delay,
To subdue Bragg went on his way.
In Chattanooga, Bragg was standing:
With all the troops he was commanding.
Rosecrans forced his evacuation:
By threatening his communication.
The yankees, sixty thousand strong;
In a column thirty miles long;
Thought the rebels were retreating:
When they were the rebels meeting.
Bragg, was ahead, at a distance;
Troops had gone to his assistance.
He did Rosecrans troops engage;
And fought them with such fierce rage;
That his line did almost fail:
Got almost cut up in detail.
Rosecrans quickly concentrated,
His long line of soldiers, illfated.
Against Bragg's army they dashed:
They on the Chicamauga clashed.
All day, so ranged the battle tide,
That success was on neither side.
About noon on the second day,
Rosecran's troops were giving away.
The left wing, having been hard pressed;
Greatly shattered, and distressed;
From the center, a regiment,
To aid the right wing troops was sent.

BATTLE OF GHICAMAUGA

That left a central open space,
Which, did general Longstreet face:
He threw a brigade in that gap:
It did, away the right wing slap.
Then, as might have been expected;
All eyes, at Thomas were directed,
Thomas, on the left was standing:
The left wing he was commanding.
If he, and his troops had retreated;
The army would have been defeated:
On him, the rebel troops converged:
For hours, they, against him surged.
Blood flowed round him like a fountain:
But Thomas stood, firm as a mountain.
Hence his many admirers all,
Him, "rock of Chicamauga" call.
They asked general Thomas bold,
How long he the pass could hold:
He answered with a cheerful shout;
"Until the army's mustered out"
Then along came kind old night,
And put an end to that day's fight.
To Chattanooga, Rosecrans went;
But this, he did quickly repent.
Bragg severed his communication;
With the resources of his nation:
And then stood guard upon a hill;
Ready all fugatives to kill.
Cut off from all communication,
The Union army faced starvation.
Brave Grant was given Rosecrans's place:
To Grant's aid Union troops did race.
They rout the rebels under Bragg:
And take away his rebel flag.



Battle of Gettysburg

With hopes of victory inflated,
General Lee never waited.
Heading a powerful brigade,
He hastened the North to invade.
As the rebels northward glided,
They with our troops collided.
On the public road leading west,
From Gettysburg was this contest.
On both sides, assistance came:
To help their troops the victory claim.
A short while after the attack,
Meade, and his troops were driven back.
Meade now to Gettysburg retreats:
His troops get tangled in the streets.
Whole platoons were rushed away
As prisoners, before next day.
The Union troops came in all night;
Joining Meade's army by moon-light;
Ready to shoot, at his command
Into the rebels, near at hand.
Both sides, a hundred thousand strong;
Were on two lofty ridges, long.
Those grand ridges each other face:
Making a most picturesque place.
Meade, with the Union army grand:
On Cemetery ridge did stand.
Lee's army, near two miles away,
On Missionary Ridge did lay.
Longstreet for "Little Roundtop" dashes;
There with Sickles' brigade he clashes.
The rebel flank now swings around,
Goes to the hill-top at a bound:
Is there met by Warren's brigade;
A most heroic charge it made.
Sickles a repulse was given:
Back to Cemetery was driven;
Makes here a bold, heroic stand;
Repelling all the rebel band.
Euel's brigade assaults our right:
To Culp's Hill crest, they quickly fight.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Night throws his mantle o'er the planes
And the contending hosts restrains.
The sun next day, with smiling face;
Viewed with delight that lovely place.
In the valey between green hills;
Cattle were feeding by the rills.
Every beetle, bird, and bee;
Sang with perfect joy; and glee.
The streamlets in the dazzling light,
Were like flashing mirrors bright;
Reflecting peaceful heaven's face;
Streams that blood would soon disgrace.
Before a gun was seen to smoke;
Meade thus to his soldiers spoke;
"Brave comrades, on this field of fame,
Today the black slave race reclaim.
Before the sun shall set to night;
Achieve eternal honors bright,
Others for you have fought, and died:
To set men free should be your pride.
When men donot restrain the wrong;
Surely, it is never long;
Before it gets beyond controll,
And destroys every soul.
Wrong, unchecked, like fire spreads,
And brings down ruin on all heads.
If we to wrongs do pay no heed;
Soon we some people's help will need:
To free us from the tyrant's chain;
And help us independence gain.
When the right is crushed by wrong;
The weak ones injured by the strong;
And no one will justice defend;
All in general ruin end.
Study the book of life, and light;
That God's holy people did write;
Learn that you will true greatness win,
When you shall strive to help all men.
Turn over history's pages;
Study the nations of all ages:
How they rise, and how they fall;
Once how great, and now how small,

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Babylon, Egypt, Greece, and Rome;
By turns, became refinement's home:
By turns in all learning excelled;
The scepter over others held.
The Anglo-Saxons all were then,
A wild, and savage race of men:
Living in holes, and rocky caves;
And buried in unhonored graves.
From the savage tribes, and slavery,
They have attained to skill, and bravery
When others did from greatness fall,
They then became greatest of all.
The only shield for any nation,
To give it eternal duration;
Is kindness, truth, justice, and right;
To have brave children of the light.
God has his keen, unearring dart,
Drawn upon that nation's heart;
That practices wrong, and oppression:
To cut it down for its transgression.
And if it does not soon get right,
God will extinguish its proud light:
Will shatter its criminal heart;
Then its greatness will depart.
These facts should you with zeal inspire
And with lion courage fire;
Slavery to eradicate,
In every southern state.
When to shoot I give you command;
Let not a reb before you stand.
Those who escape swords, and balls;
Land them behind the prison walls".
This speech all of the soldiers praised;
Their hats on bayonets raised.
Lee orders his men to shoot;
A hundred fifty guns salute;
General Meade's sublime harangue;
The cannon balls around him sang.
There for two hours, or more;
The shells did burst, the cannon roar.
'Til rebels, eighty thousand strong;
In double line, a mile long;

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Battle Between

THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC

The sun above Hampton was shining
Sailors in their boats were dining.
A gentle breeze the water shimmered:
The ocean in the sun-light glimmered:
Like a sea of melted gold;
Garlands, and medals to mold:
For heroes, champions, and knights,
Who risk their lives for human rights.
The old iron clad Merrimac,
Seeking Union ships to attack;
Sailed into Hampton road's waters,
With its cannon, and its mortars.
The sloop of war Cumberland spying,
She was soon towards it flying.
The Cumberland great broadsides shot:
But harm Merrimac, she could not.
The cannon balls that ship caressed,
Like harmless breezes from the west.
The great Cumberland, built of wood,
Her rival fought long as she could.
The Merrimac, with iron nose,
To scuttle the Cumberland goes:
In her side she made a great wrent;
Straight to the bottom that ship went.
Her guns were fired by her men;
'Til stopped by water rushing in.
While the drowning men were dying,
Above the deck the flag was flying:
Triumphant o'er their liquid grave;
The stars, and stripes to God they gave.
Then a mortal contribution,
Gave she the frigate Constitution.
That had retired to the shore,
Such a wrent in her she tore.
The haughty white South, educated,
Thus treat defenseless blacks, illfated.
In government gives them no voice:
To groan, or leave, their only choice.
Their shield of wealth, and skill strong
They use to treat black people wrong.

Unsubdued by fearful war;
 Unrestrained by courts, and law;
 They plunder, murder, and enslave,
 The weak, and dash them in the grave.
 That boat, exulting in her wrong,
 'Cause she was iron-clad, and strong;
 Returned to Norfolk with great joy:
 Intending next day to destroy,
 All gun-boats in the Union fleet,
 That on the sea she chanced to meet.
 This filled the South, with boundless joy
 But did the northern men annoy.
 In the naval constructor's art,
 It seemed the yankees were less smart,
 Than southern naval engineers,
 Whom, it seemed did have no peers.
 Since southerners had put afloat,
 An invulnerable gun-boat.
 But God for freedom's cause had planed
 That truth, and justice here should stand
 Timby, many years before;
 Viewing the fort on New York's shore;
 The guns in walls, and towers seeing;
 The guard for New York City being;
 Saw that the guns in each tower,
 Would have greater destructive power,
 If those towers, above the ground,
 Were made so they could turn around.
 Made he a fort of ivory small,
 With turrets just three inches tall.
 Then this great inventor witty.
 Built, and placed in New York City;
 A fort of iron three feet high,
 With turret that around could fly.
 The turret turning with its guns,
 He, by a small steam engine runs.
 Showing how, in quick succession,
 Soldiers can, at their discreation,
 Point their guns in any quarter,
 And approaching foes slaughter.
 The government its meritt caught,
 And the patent of him bought.

MONITOR, AND MERRIMAC

While Merrimac the boats were taking
The Union engineers were making,
An iron clad ship, turret on deck;
A ship the rebels would respect.
The Monitor was that ship's name:
An iron clad gun-boat of fame.
On its deck a turret of steel,
Did two powerful guns conceal.
First battle ship of modern style;
It beat the rebels on first trial.
The Merrimac came out next day;
To sink all ships that came its way:
The Monitor that baggot spies;
And for her bosteful rival flies.
The Merrimac, and Monitor,
Fought grandest duel of the war.
For hours these bold pugilists,
Each other punch with iron fists.
The grand engagement raged for hours,
Without exhausting eithers powers.
The Merrimac, lifting her beak,
To scuttle Monitor does seek.
Plunged many times against her sides;
Unharm'd away Monitor glides.
Seeing she could not subdue,
Her queer rival, she withdrew.
By God are men's intentions weighed;
And ample preparations made;
For all wrong doing soon to fail:
And for righteousness to prevail.
Envy with his poison dart.
May aim to plunge it in thy heart;
But some friend, bold in the right,
Thy cause will champion, and fight.
In war, men may match their skill;
And one another wound, and kill;
But the side that's in the right,
Wins in nearly every fight.
This just, and needful compensation,
Has gon on eversince creation.



Shaw & Carney

S-silver javelin, strong, and bright;
H-urled at Wagner's hostile towers;
A-grave thou didst win in the fight:
W-e will keep it bedecked with flowers.

C-crawling on one hand, and knee,
A-loft the banner thou didst thrust.
R-ebel guns had wounded thee:
N-ever did it kiss the dust.
E-verywhere worth is esteemed,
Y-you will a great hero be deemed.

Battle of Fort Wagner

Brave colonel Shaw's black-regiment
On to take fort Wagner went.
They had to march a night, and day:
No sleep, nor rest, nor food had they.
Heavy sand did fill the plane:
They were wet with drenching rain:
These black soldiers bold, and raw,
Commanded by Robert Gould Shaw.
The grand fifty-fourth regiment,
From famous Massachusetts sent.
While they took ten minutes rest,
Thus colonel Shaw his troops addressed:
"My brave soldier brothers in black,
Take that fort before you look back.
Leap over that thundering wall:
Slaughter those wicked rebels all.
Black men in war have no superior:
In peace they are to none inferior.
When guns do other men destroy,
They do not black men annoy.
Through a storm of cannon balls,
They dash up to the quaking walls:
'Mong the garrison they leap:
Slaughter them, like wolves do sheep.

BATTLE OF FORT WAGNER

The cannon is the black man's brother:
They often quarrel but love each other.
With joy he greets the cannon balls:
As one who on his kinred calls.
The hardest fight, the hottest fire,
All black soldiers do admire.
They've won for themselves, and race,
In history an honored place.
The flag is their chief delight:
For it they do with valor fight.
When cannon balls the flag staff shatter
And bursting shells the banner tatter;
Into that inferno they bound,
And lift that banner from the ground.
Though cannon balls around them
swarm,
They bravely face the deadly storm.
If they get an arm shot off,
The other arm will hold aloft,
Their nation's blood stained banner,
In a most heroic manner.
If both his arms are shot away,
He will the stars, and stripes display;
Rushing with them in his mouth,
Against the armies of the South.
Brave in the forum, and the field,
They can the ruler's sceptre wield.
Fill offices in state, and nation,
With honors, and congratulation.
When we the southern states subdue,
We'll make citizens of you.
Give you access to education;
You'll help govern your nation.
In the world of science, and art,
You will perform an honored part.
You will many wrongs endure;
But your progress will be sure:
Until from whites you separate,
And live in your own towns, and state.
There you can become great men;
And the highest honors win.

BATTLE OF FORT WAGNER

You black men have many a friend,
That does bitterly contend,
That you will poor service render;
That to the rebs you'll soon surrender.
You will to day be weighed in scales,
Against all those fictitious tales.
Take the public with surprise:
Prove those sayings to be lies.
Fight you for your rights like men:
To day a splendid victory win.
Your war record is most grand:
Praised by men in every land.
Black Hanibal through Rome did go,
And vanquish his country's foe.
He o'er the cloud capped Alps did go:
The lofty Alps covered with snow;
Up the rugged, snowy peaks,
The army struggled for two weeks.
Elephants, oxens, soldiers all;
Araund those cliffs; and boulders crall:
Dash in the valley of the Po:
And for the haughty Romans go.
So many battles 'gainst them won:
They honored him as champion.
Black Hannibal, the world does know;
As an intrepid war hero.
Toussant L. Overture, brave,
Set free every Haiti slave:
When French, and Spanish troops he
beat,
And forced the British to retreat.
This battle will grace history's pages;
Be read throughout all future ages.
Today you add unto your name,
Eternal honors, or shame.
Go forward, charge with all your power;
Take that fert within an hour".
For Wagner the army runs,
'Mong bursting shells from her guns.
From Cummings Point, and Sumter
came,
Solid sheets of steel, and flame.

BATTLE OF FORT WAGNER

As from three forts the fire flies,
The gates of Hades seemed to rise.
Cumming's point battery yells:
Fort Sumter's many bursting shells;
Submerged them in a sea of flame
As they did climb that hill of fame.
Plant the flag upon the wall;
And among the gunners fall.
A dead-lock grapple for to win,
Then ensued among these men.
Though far outnumbered by the white,
The black men did like lions fight.
Colonel Shaw though young, and brave,
Here received an honored grave.
This colonel of approved worth;
Noble, and valient from birth;
Although the rebs had passed a bill,
Every white officer to kill;
That colored soldiers commands;
When they fall in rebel hands;
He, this wicked law defied;
Lead his black troops on with pride.
Though in this battle shaw did fall;
He'd won the greatest fight of all;
Victory over selfish pride,
Before at Wagner he died.
One of the brightest sons of fame;
Eternal glory crowns his name.
For him poets their pens will rush;
And artists wield their wizzard brush:
Sculptors will their chisels ply,
To laud Shaw's valor to the sky.
Had not Higginson stepped in,
And stopped these fearless colored men;
Filled with dauntless valor, and pride,
They'd have fought until they died.
Sergeant Carney, wound in side;
Along upon one knee did slide:
Holding the banner in one hand:
Lifting it above the sand;
Said he when Union troops he found;
'The old flag never touched the ground'.

Battle of Charleston

AND ATLANTA

Now the scene to Charleston changes
Admiral Dupont arranges;
The iron clad Union fleet to take,
Past the batteries, and to make,
An attack upon that vain town:
Her lofty buildings battle down.
The Confederate cannon smote,
Every iron clad gun-boat.
The balls like rain upon them patter:
One they sink, the others shatter:
Defeated by that iron hail;
His plan to conquer had to fail.
Brave Gilmore now takes command.
On Morris Isle a troop does land:
They by bombardment profound,
Sumter, and Wagner shoot down.
Wagner's vanquished garrison sore,
Soon surrendered to Gilmore.
The Union sailors then did crall,
Over Sumter's mangled wall:
But, rebs, uprising from the trash,
Away the Union men did dash:
Back to Gilmore's Union fleet,
Rapidly they did retreat.
The Union troops had done their best;
Those in the East, and those out West.
When they won the Getysburg fight,
The future to our arms seemed bright.
The Mississippi to its mouth,
Had been taken from the South,
Grant, through Tennessee creates,
Access to the eastern states:
And, to his great honor, and pride,
He did the rebel states divide.
Grant, and Sherman, champions bold;
By wire, a consultation hold:
Decide to join their martial art,
To keep the rebel troops apart:
Far apart, one force from other,
So they could not assist each other.

BATTLE OF ATLANTA

While Grant the war would continue,
Against Lee's army in Virginia,
In Georgia Sherman's Union men,
Would Johnson's army fight and win.
While Grant's army, from its quarters,
Was crossing Rapidan's waters,
Grant a telegram did write.
To Sherman to begin the fight.
The rebels, fifty thousand strong,
That movement had expected long,
And protection they did seek,
Behind many a mountain peak.
For more than a hundred miles,
Among the Georgia mountain wilds,
From Dalton to Atlanta city,
General Sherman, bold, and witty,
Drove Johnson's men from every peak
Forcing them others to seek.
Until refuge the rebels found,
Behind the trenches of that town.
Johnson was for Hood exchanged.
Hood, to fight Sherman's men arranged.
His Confederate army large,
Did the Union soldiers charge.
Desperate courage they display;
But Sherman's army won the day.
Three weeks rations in its carts,
Sherman's army now departs:
Goes, and occupies all the roads.
Pitches tents, and carts unloads:
Cuts off rebel communication:
Forces their evacuation.
As rebels from Atlanta fly,
Sherman's troops it occupy.
Hood's men into Tennessee dash,
And with Schofield, and Thomas clash.
Into Nashville they did retreat;
Turn then, and Hood's whole army beat
The Union troops in two days fight,
Vanquished that rebel army quite.
The South, and all wealth on its lands,
Now falls in General Sherman's hands.

Sherman's March

O'ER GEORGIA, AND CAROLINAS

Sherman now from fear set free,
Began his long march to the sea.
His troops Atlanta Georgia burned:
Then towards Savannah turned.
With sixty thousand Union force,
And skirmishers to shield their course,
In four columns they proceeded:
Foraging for all they needed:
Over a space fifty miles wide,
Three hundred long marched they with
pride.

Every city, village, and town,
Plundered they, and then burned down.
Never has a conflagration,
Wrought such havoc, and devastation.
Savannah reached they in few days,
On Fort McAlister they blaze.
Captured that fort in splendid manner
Quickly then they take Savannah.
Brave general Sherman then sent,
To Mister Lincoln, President,
Twenty five thousand cotton bales,
To verafy the thrilling tales.
A hundred fifty cannon fine,
Sent he as another sign,
Of the brave fighting they had done:
And their brilliant victories won.
Through both the Carolinas they,
Then went on their destructive way.
Columbia and Charleston burn,
On Raleigh North Carolina turn:
Go through her with joy, and splendor;
Make Johnson's feeble troops surrender
The slave holders groped around;
Sick, and pale, and heads hung down.
The wealth the rebels had enjoyed,
Was either taken, or destroyed.
The wealth that is obtained by wrong,
Will never be enjoyed long.
They had from men their labor taken;
But it had them all forsaken.

Battle of Wilderness

Unionists crossed the Rapidan;
And in to the wilderness ran.
Grant's fine army onward pushes,
Among the many trees, and bushes:
Knowing not that in that wood,
Lee, and his whole army stood.
On went they through that dense place,
Until they did the rebels face.
Then began a fearful battle:
The cannon thunder, muskets rattle.
The trees their movements concealed;
But did none from destruction shield.
Neither could resort to skill;
But mutually did wound, and kill.
There was neither pomp, nor glory
But only devastation gory.
Most terrible havoc, and slaughter;
Raged three days in every quarter.
Twenty thousand Union braves,
Went to their honored graves.
Ten thousand rebels there died;
Slain by Union troops with pride.
Neither side had victory won;
But both with that slaughter were done.
Old grim, and greedy monster war
Now had filled his spacious maw.
Grant his scattered army massed;
And around Lee's right wing passed.
Towards Spotsylvania he turns:
Lee soon of this movement learns.
A head of Grant some rebels crept,
The Union troops to intercept.
When Grant's army reached that place
Lee's whole army did it face.
They maneuver here five days:
Sharpshooters' rifles ever blaze.
General Sedgwick here did fall,
Pierced by a rifle ball.
Aurora radiant, and gay,
Opened the golden gates of day:

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

Night retires from the planes,
But a heavy fog remains.
Hancock, and his corps of men,
Now a splendid victory win.
Through the fog they quickly steal;
The fog does their movements conceal.
Upon the rebel lines they fall,
And capture a division all.
Two rebel generals they take:
Three hundred rebels prisoners make.
Lee's troops charged with desperate zeal
To win the hard contested field.
Two thousand men on either side,
In a little while had died.
Grant moved around Lee's right flank
Towards the North Anna bank.
Lee's men now with Grant's did race;
And were the first to reach the place.
They fought near North Anna's bank,
'Til Grant again goes round Lee's flank
The rebs to Cold Harbor retire:
Prepare on Union troops to fire:
The next morning at day brake,
Assault upon Grant's troops they make
In twenty minutes they cut down,
Ten thousand yankees to the ground.
But every one was kind, and brave,
And received an honored grave.
Those who battle for the right,
Though overpowered in the fight;
Killed, or led in captive's chain;
Do in eternal honor reign.
On earth respected as the best;
Their souls will live among the blessed.



Siege of

PETERSBURG, AND RICHMOND

Thomas, and Grant while in the west
Had won in every great contest:
Had conquered there the rebel forces,
And had taken their resources.
Farragut, and Sherman bold;
The lower southern states did hold;
And all surplies on their lands,
Securely from the rebels' hands.
These champions of war knew,
That they would soon the South subdue
Grant's soldiers with pomp, and pride;
Across the James River did glide;
Rushing to Petersburg they go,
The rebels there to overthrow.
From three ways, Grant's army fine,
Converged upou the firing line.
Smith's, Kautz's, and Brook's brigade,
From the East appearance made.
The soldiers under Martindale,
Came along a western trail.
Hink's black army moved between;
The bravest soldiers ever seen.
Grant's charge, general Lee expected;
And had batteries erected;
Which for miles away extended;
Hundreds of soldiers them defended.
Bcld Hinks, looking the fields about,
Saw batteries seven miles out;
For them the colored brigade runs;
Uhtil near the rebel guns.
Before the bloody charge they made;
Said Hinks to his colored brigade;
"You mnst them with bayonets take:
Forward, a deadly assault make!"
A deluge of iron rain,
Burst from those guns, over the plane.
Many a brave black soldier falls,
Mangled by the cannon balls.
On they rush, 'til near the fort,
When many muskets make report:
Hundreds of colored soldiers brave,
Went to their honored graves.

PETERSBURG, AND RICHMOND

Others through storms of shot, and shell
Upon those rebel gunners fell. ~~They~~
They drive the men from every gun,
And blaze them at them as they run.
Thus black troops won the first success,
In the great Petersburg contest.
The black soldiers were sent next day,
To take Dun's house three miles away:
They had to cross an open space:
A fierce cannon fire face:
And the sharp shooters rifle balls,
Raining on them from trees, and walls.
When guns thunder from many places,
These soldiers lay upon their faces.
So dreadful was the storm of balls,
Belching from trees, rocks, and walls,
That for nearly half the day,
The soldiers on their faces lay:
Awaiting the command to fight;
They yearned to conquer before night.
Dun's house was by three forts protected
Forts, by rebel hands erected:
North, and East, and South were they
On the East the black troops lay.
The cannon balls around them plowed:
But these soldiers, gallant, and proud;
To take these forts were commanded:
They at once against them landed.
Soon as the soldiers reached the banks,
A musket volley smoted their ranks:
The skirmishers did first arrive;
But few of them escaped alive.
Over the the dead, and dying men,
These colored soldiers dash on in:
Capture every rebel gun:
Slaughter rebels as they run.
Both Brook's, and Martindale's brigade
Now had splendid progress made:
Their dauntless soldiers fine,
Had swept away the rebel line.
Before general Smith's eyes,
Lay Petersburg, a helpless prize:

PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND

Which he might have taken that day,
Had it not been for his delay.
That Union general illfated,
For the second corpse waited:
Then o'er the town his glasses ranged;
But O! God, how things had changed:
Reinforcements had come in,
And made the city hard to win.
There is danger in all delay:
Strive to win your cause to day.
Those who wait not for other men,
Usually their causes win.
By Grant a siege was instituted;
Which he with vigor prosecuted:
'Gainst Petersburg, and Richmond too:
It was the proper theng to do.
Many trenches did Grant there build;
And them with gallant soldiers filled.
Then from an old obscure ravine,
Where his soldiers could not be seen;
Grant cuts a tunnel through the clay,
To near two hundred yards away.
Beneath the rebel fort it ended:
On it much labor he expended.
It was with barrels of powder loded:
That great mine was then exploded.
The first attempt with failure met;
Because the powder fuse was wet.
Douty, and Russ the mine asscended;
And the faulty fuse amended.
That morning, half past four oclock,
The mine exploded with a shock.
The ground did tremble, groan, shake,
Like a mighty earth-quake.
The fort was blown up in the sky;
And on the air it seemed to lie:
Mangled bodies, cannon, wood,
Were seen while in the air it stood:
Two hundred feet above the ground;
Then to the earth it fell back down.
When that blown up fort did fall,

PETERSBURG, AND RICHMOND

It seemed to shake this planet all.
At the explosion of this mine,
All Union guns fired on the line.
A hundred sixty cannon, and mortars,
Thundered from the Union quarters.
When that fort was blown away;
It left a crater in the clay:
Hole, a hundred fifty feet long:
(For that fort was large, and strong:)
Thirty feet wide, fifty feet deep;
Towards that pit the rebs did creep.
Burnside chose the black brigade,
The rebel quarters to invade.
Halleck thought the foremost place,
Should not be given to that race;
Although when put to trying test;
They proved themselves to be the best.
They left it to Grant to decide:
"Draw lots for it", the general cried.
"Which ever troop the lot falls to,
Must charge the rebel quarters through
Charge the rebs while horror stricken
While they're non plused, and sickened
Don't wait for them to recover;
And 'bout that crater 'gin to hover".
Ledlie drew the lot to go:
'Gainst Potter, Wilcox, Ferrero.
His brilliant soldiers reached the banks
There they faltered, and broke ranks.
Both Potter's, and Wilcox's brigade,
Very feeble attempts made;
As if they had gon' there to play;
The rebels came, and drove them away.
The black soldiers with Burnside,
To that crater did move with pride.
There the rebels were converging;
And around that crater surging.
The colored soldiers with them clashed;
And were into the crater dashed.
Submerged in death's caldron hot;
That they were mortals they forgot.

PETERSBURG, AND RICHMOND

As floods of shot, and shell flow in,
From every side upon these men;
Surely God was in that pit;
Protecting them from getting hit.
Scorned they to yield, or to retire;
But, bravely faced the deadly fire.
Fought they like lions there 'til night,
Came, and stopped that bloody fight.
Halleck's foolish advice had cost,
Four thousand Union soldiers lost.
General Grant did thus relate,
To men, sent to investigate;
"Had the first charge here been made,
By our fearless black brigade;
Petersburg would now be ours;
Taken from the rebel powers".
Grant, who was as wise as bold;
His other brave generals told;
"The food for every rebel's mouth,
Comes by rail road from the South.
We must the rail road from them take,
Before we them surrender make.
We'll now to take Richmond pretend.
They will leave here, it to defend".
From Petersburg, and the rail road,
On to Richmond, the rebels flowed.
Grant took the rail road near the town
And with his army settled down.
Lee then did Washington annoy,
Grant from Richmond to decoy.
Early's brigade does onward sally,
Through the great Shenandoah valley
At Monocasey Wallace he takes:
Attack upon Stevenson makes.
The frowning guns of Stevenson,
Grandly defended Washington.
Early's twenty thousand men,
Seeing, they could not that fort win;
Waited around there a day;
When Unionists drove them away.

Sheridan's Raid

Early's confederate brigade,
Now, does Union cities raid:
Robs them of food, and supplies:
As it over the country flies.
They Chambersburg for ransom hold;
But, failing to obtain its gold,
Set they the splendid town on fire;
And in to the valley retire.
In Shenandoah valley near;
They kept Washington in fear:
Until brave Sheridan's brigade;
Did the great valley invade:
Like a powerful tornado;
And did from it Early's troops throw.
Sheridan with martial skill;
Kept the Union army still,
Until his troops Early divided;
When our men between them slid.
Charged on the rebels, left, and right:
And vanquished Early's army quite.
Having put to flight his foes;
To Washington Sheridan goes:
With president Lincoln to speak:
Leaving his men at Cedar Creek.
As when the shepherd goes away;
Wolves upon his sheep do prey;
Of Sheridan's absance learned;
Early, and on Unionists turned:
Sheridan's army they engaged,
And a desperate battle waged.
Returning to his troops that day;
Sheridan, twenty miles away,
The thunder of cannon did hear:
And rushed to join his soldiers there.
His spirited black horse astride,
Sheridan, rapidly did ride:

Plunging the spur,plying the lash,
 His horse along the road does dash.
 Soon,the general was meeting,
 His soldiers,from the fight retreating.
 Early's brigade had put to flight,
 Sheridan's whole army quite.
 But he,who never knew defeat,
 Could not let his troops retreat.
 He knew that all his men did need'
 Was,their general,them to lead.
 That,if he'd been in that conflict,
 They'd have whipped the rebels quick.
 Without brave leaders,few will fight:
 But,turn from danger,and take flight:
 But when by dauntless heroes lead,
 They'll fight until they all fall dead.
 Sheridan knew,that southern nation,
 Faced ruin,and annihilation:
 That we would soon slave-holding end,
 And the Union cause defend:
 Knew that if he,this battle won,
 The rebs with fighting would be done.
 Sitting on his horse's back;
 He shouted,"Boys,lets go back!
 Why in disgrace do you retreat?
 Lets go back,and them defeat.
 You've won in nearly every battle;
 Why now run from them like cattle?
 Lets go back,and them subdue:
 And soon with war you will be through
 By him,they were so animated;
 Their spirits so much elevated;
 Became they intrepid heroes,
 And turned upon the wicked foes.
 Banbs were thrilling music playing,
 While they were Confederates slaying.
 'Til Sheridan annihilated,
 Early's whole brigade illfated.
 By sheer bravery,and zeal,
 Sheridan regained the field.
 Early's army he had destroyed;
 No more was washington annoyed.

Lee's Surrender

Stately Aurora's shafts of light,
Were uplifted 'gainst the night.
Before the radiance of day,
Old night began to slip away.
Grant's soldiers, waiting for day-light,
So they could renew the fight;
Were glad approaching dawn to see;
And hailed Aurora with glee.
As the approaching day progressed,
Thus brave Grant his men addressed;
"Soldiers, loyal to your nation;
You have won her admiration.
Through four years of war, you,
Have dignified the union blue.
No eloquence of tongue or pen,
Can fully praise such dauntless men.
Our army records hold,
In simple language, briefly told;
The history of your brave deeds:
Praised by every one that reads.
Whether recited by the young,
Or painted by orator's tongue;
All will your deeds admire:
With courage they will all inspire.
To our honored black brigade,
That has such peerless worth displayed
I hail you as our brave brothers;
The same as I salute the others.
Search every country on this ball;
Review historic annals all;
You'll find no men beneath the sun,
That have better fighting done.
Soon you all will be free men;
In civil life high honors win.
Lee's soldiers now before you lying,
Are fast from starvation dying.
We have cut off their resources:
And have conquered most their forces.
Lee's troops, and Johnson's puny band,
Are all the rebs do now command.

LEE'S SURRENDER

Lee has determined to retreat,
Southward, and Johnson's army meet;
But I'm resolved that move to hinder;
By making general Lee surrender.
Let every gunner take dead aim;
Submerge them in carnage, and flame.
Forward! on the rebels fire:
Slaughter them, and retire".
The splendid Union army fine,
Fired all along the line.
Their enthusiastic yells,
Were heard among the bursting shells.
Now a grand assault they make:
And many rebel prisoners take.
Through the rebel line they fight:
Lee's army retreated that night.
From Petersburg, and Richmond too,
The ragged rebel soldiers flew.
With forty thousand Lee did go,
Like a confused fox, to, and fro:
Every where Lee's army wheels,
Grant's army thunders at its heels.
And, ever close upon its flank,
Sheridan's cavelry did clank.
The Unionists did rebs out race:
Sheridan's horsemen did them face.
Lee commands his starving men,
A daring assault to begin.
The cavelry then stepped a side,
When Grant's whole army, Lee espied.
Lee ordered his advance to halt;
Would not be guilty of the fault,
Of adding to wreck, and starvation,
Such whole sale annihilation.
At Apomatox's justice hall,
Surrenders Lee his armies all.
That act finished emancipation,
Of all the slaves in this nation.
The Union soldiers, now do claim,
Their niches in the halls of fame.
Would you their best monument see;
Behold the race they helped to free!

National Cemetery

In the national cemetery,
In North Carolina, at Salisbury;
Lie twelve thousand northern braves:
Resting in their honored graves.
These soldiers all died in one year;
In the rebel stockade there:
Prisoners of the rebel nation;
Died of neglect, and starvation.
There will eternally remain,
On that state's escutcheon this stain.
They did them capture, and disarm;
They were powerless to do harm.
They should to them have been kind;
Like men with feeling, heart, and mind.
At least they all should have been fed;
And not have died for want of bread.
Southern men with much vanity,
Were no friends to humanity.
So long slaves they'd killed, and bossed
That they had their conscience lost.
On slave work they did so long feast,
It had transformed them into beasts.
As well be in a tiger's mouth,
As in the power of the South.
Battling for a holy cause,
Fell they into this monster's claws.
But those who battle for the right,
Are stately children of light.
That they in rebel hands did fall,
And die within their prison wall;
Is no dishonor to their name:
No reason why we them should blame.
Many of them had bravely fought:
Killed hosts of rebels ere being caught
Their valor helped to turn the scale,
So Union armies could prevail.
Roll back the curtains of the sky;
Look where your honored ashes lie;
See how your nation, and your state,
Reckon you among the great.

NATIONAL CEMETERY

A tall gray shaft, stately, and fair,
Your nation has erected there:
With words of praise around its base;
To all her martyrs in that place.
Sweet flowers, and ever green,
All year round may there be seen;
Growing beneath the willow's shade,
For the soldiers there laid.
Two states show their love, and care,
For their brave sons sleeping there;
Maine, and Pennsylvania grand;
By monuments that there stand.
The grateful citizens of Maine;
Noted for valor, wealth, and brain.
Have there a tall shaft on which stands
A soldier holding gun in hands.
Inscriptions on its every side,
Express much gratitude, and pride;
For the valor, toil, and care,
Of their comrades sleeping there.
Pennsylvania's men of worth;
Noble, brave, and true from birth;
Have a stately monument there;
Erected with much skill, and care:
A marble pavilion affect;
A statue does the roof bedeck.
Stone soldier with uncovered head,
Standing, weeping over the dead.
Long will these gladden grateful eyes;
And laud your valor to the skies:
But ere long all of them must,
Break, and crumble into dust.
But your best monument will stand,
Immune to time's destructive hand.
The race you helped emancipate,
Will your valor imulate:
With sweet music, song, and story,
They will praise your names in glory.

A Rival Defeated

Indeed, Willie, and Ben,
Were two jolly young men;
Who had been companions all their lives.
They had both become grown,
And were men of their own;
And both of them were seeking to get wives.
Willie, he was yellow;
A dashing young fellow;
Who, in school, had lately graduated.
Ben, he was dark brown:
Had trifled about town;
Because, all books, and learning he hated.
It was the young men's fate,
To both love pretty Kate;
A chocolate belle, eighteen years old.
Willie, she admired:
With Ben she was tired:
And she did almost always treat him cold.
It happened by chance,
Now, that Ben could dance;
But, never could Willie dance at all.
Ben did dance with Kate;
Both early, and late,
Every time he met her at the ball.
Willie began saying,
If Kate keeps on playing,
With that trifling, good for nothing Ben;
She'll soon him admire:
And also, him desire;
And thus the foolish fellow will her win.
Next time there was a ball,
He visited the hall;
Although it was cold, and stormy weather:
For it made him feel blue,
Whenever Willie knew,
That Kate, and Ben were dancing together.
Willie was very wise:
He did a plan devise,
To keep his dear Kate, and Ben apart.
He went into the hall,
While they were dancing all;

THE ENGAGEMENT

To work upon his rival his art-
Talked with the dancing master;
He gave directions faster;
And, he gave them every one in Spanish.
This did Ben confuse:
Kate, he soon did lose:
And quickly from the party he did vanish.
Stepped Willie to her side:
They, from the hall did glide:
And soon they disappeared through the door.
With Ben she was furious;
It was very curious;
She never danced with the fellow more.

The Engagement

Kate had bloomed for eighteen summers;
In the fairest kind of clothes:
In her ribbons, silks, and laces,
She had blossomed like a rose.
Kate was black, and really pretty:
Had black eyes, and dark eye-brows:
And her hair was rich, and silken;
Which she always wore in blouse.
Claud was dashing, strong, and manly:
Shoulders broad, and color brown,
And, was thought by all who knew him,
To be the finest man in town.
Claud, and Kate had been companions,
For many long and happy years:
They'd played together since their child-hood
And they felt each other's cares.
Oft' they'd roamed the fields together:
Plucked the daisies by the rill;
Skated on the ponds in winter;
And rode in sleds down snow-clad hills.
They had whiled away the hours,
In the parlor at her home:
Or, on the lawn, so cool, and shady,
'Neath the oak tree's ivy dome.

THE ENGAGEMENT

There they'd played chess, and billiards;
Sung many a delightful song;
Told love legends, and romances;
Stories charming, sweet, and long.
But, their own was never thought of,
Until one evening at the play,
When Claud saw Charley, his old comrade,
Giving Kate a fine boquet.

And when Kate bestowed on Charlie,
A very sweet, and winning smile;
Then did Claud grow sick, and nervous:
And his heart beat fast, and wild.
He saw that should he wait much longer,
To ask dear Kate to be his wife,
Some other chap would surely win her;
And darken all his future life.

Just then Katie glanced at Claudie;
Saw him look so pale, and sick;
She asked Charlie to excuse her,
And she got beside him quick.

Said "gracious goodness, what's the matter;
Are you ill, you look so white.

Were you startled by the murder,
In the opera play to-night?

Her serious words wer so consoleing;
And filled his heart with somuch pride.

He had to laugh from sheer amusement:
And, in these sweet words replied;

"No dear Katie, I'm not suffering;
I'm sure I need no drugs, nor pills:
One sweet word from you dear Katie,
Will sooth, and quiet all my ills.



THE ENGAGEMENT

Kate, you make a splendid picture,
In this gay, and brilliant hall:
In culture, loveliness, and beauty,
You eclipse the ladies all.
You are more refined, and brilliant,
Than the globe electric light:
You are dearer, and more lovely,
Than the flowers, red, and white.
And I 'm becoming quite suspicious,
Of the eager, wistful eyes;
As they watch with growing interest,
The girl that I so highly prize.
Tell me Katie that you love me:
Pledge to me your hand, and heart:
I will surely never fail you:
And, our souls shall never part."
Claudie's earnest declarations,
Had taken Katie with surprise:
She paused, and pondered for a moment:
Then raised to his, two loving eyes:
Saying "yes dear Claud I really love you:
All my hopes are built on you:
I am yours, if you love me:
And prove always kind, and true.

His Country

Let my country's transports carry,
Me to distant lands to fight;
Linger yet, my heart will ever,
By these hills, and waters bright,
Thy lakes are fair O, my home land:
Side them all I like to stand.



Annie

The violets and the daisies all are blooming:
The blossoms on the lawn are fresh, and gay:
The birds in the trees are sweetly singing:
I sit, and try to make out what they say:
When of my brawn skin belle it seems they
are chanting,

I think of little Annie far away.

Chorus

Annie, dear, I want to see you only:
I miss you so I'm awful blue, and lonely
If I could see your lovely face today;
It would all my blueness chase away.
And fill my loyal soul with boundless joy
O, Annie, come to your loving honey boy.

Through the long, and weary evenings;
I sit within my study all alone;
And, often lay aside my volume;
Listening to the dear old graphophone:
As it repeats the songs, and music,
I have often heard my lover sing, and play;
Then, in sadness, I'm reminded,
Of my little Annie, far away.

Chorus

When I go out to balls, and parties;
And see the ladier dressed in silks, and lace:
And, when I dance in waltz, and shoddess.
And hold the lovely things in my embrace;
Swaying here, and there in time with music;
Talking with each other all the while,
I think of my little chocolate colored Annie,
Every time I see my partner smile.

Chorus



His First Girl

N-eath the smiling summer sky
I-n the lovely month of June;
R-ambled Hattie dear, and I
E-very Sunday after noon.
U-nder the shade trees in the dell;
S-trolling by the flowery stream;
D-elightfully on them I dwell;
E-ver of them I will dream.
L-ovingly she'd talk, and sing:
E-arth holds not a sweeter charm:
O-n my memory they wring:
N-ever will they cease to warm.
W-e would read, and talk of winning,
H-igh positions, ends, and aims:
I-n life, from that small beginning,
T-he victor's crown one of us claims,
E-ven Hattie, though your name,
S-should not on shafts of marble stand,
F-ill no niches in halls of fame,
I-mbelish no histories grand;
R-emember, it was for your sake,
S-trove I to be a great hero;
T-rying a champion to make;
L-ong up the hills of fame did go.
O-f my achievements you are due,
V-ery properly a share:
E-very dear fiber of you,
R-eally, my achievements bare.



The Sport Of Fate

The moon above the sleeping village, like a silver crescent hung
Gentle winds from April flowers most delightful odors brung:
Reminding Lesslie of the many happy hours spent with Ray,
In her lovely little parlor, before to school he went away.
They had long been faithful lovers, for a year had been betrothed
To Lesslie, Ray had been devoted, all other boys she had loathed.
Lesslie was a yellow man, Ray Spelman's skin was olive brown;
They were of as noble families as were living in their town.
Lesslie, coming home from school, his train had been an hour late;
The clock struck ten, as Lesslie Morgan got to Ray Spelman's gate
He was met by mister Spelman who gave him a hearty shake;
Then, into his sitting-room, Lesslie Morgan, he did take.
Lesslie talked of Harvard college; about the train, and its delay;
Then he asked about the village, and enquired where was Ray.
He said Ray was at the carnival, walked out with Charlie Brown
'Twas in the park, down by the river, on the other side of town.
Straight to the carnival he went, although it was a mile away;
He thought he'd like to hear the music, and to see his dear Ray.
He saw Ray in the ferry's wheel, by the side of Charlie Brown:
When she saw Lesslie she got angry, met him with an evil frown.
To Lesslie she refused to talk, to Charlie's arm she still did hold,
As to, and fro, among the people, Ray, and Charlie Brown strolled.
A thousand swords, instantly appeared to pierce Lesslie's heart:
As his beautiful Ray Spellman did so cruelly from him part.
To him it seemed his sun had set, never again on him to rise;
Everywhere was heavy darkness, both on earth, and in the skies.
That Ray Spelman's fickleness, on Lesslie's heart was such a blight
Decides he to jump in the stream, and drown on that very night.
Before he reached the river's bank, he saw a lady by him dash;
Then, into the cold, dark waters, Lesslie Morgan heard her splash.
Forgot himself that fatal moment, thinking only how to save,
That most lovely looking woman, from an awful watery grave.
In plunged Morgan behind her, grasping her by one little hand;
Swimming with her to the shore, like a brave, heroic man.
Saw he, it was Mable Boyd, whom he thought at school in Slatter.
Much perplexed was he to know, what with Mable was to matter:
When, to the carnival he went, carrying Mable in his arms,
Both the white, and colored people, were filled with terrible alarms
Her relatives, and other people came to Lesslie's assistance:
All, except Charlie, and Ray, these two people stood their distance.
Doctor Malcom then was called, who gave Mable medical aid:
Insisted that immediately to her home she be conveyed.

THE SPORT OF FATE

Lesslie wished to talk with Mable, learn from her the reason why;
She wanted to jump in the river, 'neath the chilly waters die.
The next evening, Lesslie Morgan, sat beside miss Mable Boyd:
All the family, thanked the hero, and his presence, all enjoyed.
Ray was dejected, and sad, her eyes had lost their brilliant light.
But Lesslie was so jovial she soon became cheerful, and bright.
When the family had departed, leaving Lesslie, and Ray alone;
Insisted he upon the girl to make her troubles to him known.
She said that she, for a year, had been betrothed to Charlie Brown:
And for that flirty Ray Spellman, Charlie now, had put her down:
That, when he suspended writing she in school could not remain:
And, came home, before the closing, to ask her lover to explain.
That, from Slatter Seminary she had returned home that day:
When he refused to talk to her, and did ever cling to Ray.
That, her earthly aspirations were concentrated in that boy:
That the experience of that evening did her universe destroy.
That, in such a fatal plight, the only cure for a broken heart,
Is to commit suicide, and tare body, and soul apart.
That, if she didn't lose her wits, she'd, with poison, gun or knife:
Contrive some quick, and sure method to deprive herself of life.
Lesslie then assured Mable, she had made a grave mistake:
Persuaded her with strong reasons, the foolish impulse to forsake:
Said, he, had started to the river to jump in himself, and drwnn.
Because Ray Spelman, his lover, had forsakened him, for Brown.
That, seeing her in such peril, drove the mania from his soul:
Enabled him that awful moment, his strong feelings to control.
That, he thought, in that sad moment, only how her life to save.
That, by rescuing her from death, both had escaped a liquid grave:
That, fortune had intervened to shield them from the cruel fates:
Of marrying below their rank, to lovers, not at all their mates.
That, Ray, and Charlie had no learning, no lofty honors did claim:
That they had nearly graduated, and in life had lofty aim.
That, theirs was the love of children, founded on external graces:
That, they were infatuated by two pretty, charming faces.
That, if you court a marble statue, having neither brains, nor heart:
You will soon get disappointed, and from the cold thing depart.
Said he "you are the governor's equal, Charlie is not your peer:
He would only have impeded your own, splendid life-career".
Mable then replied to Lesslie, "you are a gallant hero brave:
Who did from death beneath the water thankful little Mable save

THE SPORT OF FATE

Your counsels are most true, I now hate Charlie, I must say.
And I've always been surprised that you could love that silly Ray.
You are the most brave, and gallant gentleman I've ever seen:
I am sure you are worthy of the most imperious queen".
Then said Lesslie to Mable, "you fill my world again with light:
And lift the veil before my future, making it intensely bright.
You are a splendid, ideal woman; heaven threw you in my way;
Tell me that you'll be my wife, let's get married, name the day".
Said she, heaven must have planned it by the cruel sport of fate:
Out of our hearts, and minds, past folly to eradicate.
Your achievements are peerless, there is on earth no finer boy:
Any time that suits your fancy will be Mable's supreme joy.
This intelligent couple went back, and finished their education.
The next year Lesslie went away, and worked at his occupation.
At Christmas, in the village church he took to the altar Mable lead;
And in a splendid ceremony Lesslie, and Mable Boyd wed.

Ovettra

A-fter my heart was touched with thy sweet spell;
L-earned I to love thee as I do no other:
V-isions most bright do in my mind upwell:
I-n which my life is shared with another.
N-o painter could, with brush, and colors bright;
O-n canvass draw those dreams of love, and glory :
V-ainly would novelists attempt to write,
E-ven half of the exquisite story.
T-ell me O, Muse ! shall I these pleasures know:
T-ell me shall Alvin ever be my wife:
R-efulgent as the sun's radiant glow;
A-dorning with her loveliness my life.
C-ould I the coming years penetrate;
R-oll back the veil that shuts the future out;
O-pen, and read the changeless laws of fate;
S-olve now I would this tantalizing doubt.
B-ut it is best, perhaps, we do not know,
Y-oung lover's future blessedness, or woe.

Find The Names

M-ore lovely than the April rose;
I-s the girl of whom I write:
S-preading sunshine as she goes;
S-he is our chief delight.

R-efulgent Goddess of thy city;
O-n thee, with joy, do look all faces:
B-ecause thou art fair, and witty:
E-ndowed with all the sweet graces.
R-emember, to be truly great,
T-hou must use thy matchlees skill.
A-ll wayword ones to elevate:

H-elp them to asscend life's hill.
O-n history's pages will stand,
G-lowing records of thy fame:
A-nd thy life will be truly grand:
N-ations will consecrate thy name.
S-tately, fair, and charming belle;
 thou wilt thus all girls excell.

D-istinguished schollar, and sage;
O-rator of worth, and power;
C-andle bearer of thine age;
T-hy race's much esteemed flower;
O-vorthrow for self and race,
R-estrictions on thy chance to rise
W-in in the government a place.
I-mprove laws by thy counsel wise
L-et not the Southern whites stand
L-onger over you and race:
I-n rulership a share demand:
A-t once, or find another place.
M-iserable, we'll always be;
S-taying here among the whites;

D-isfranchised and but half free;
E-ternally denied our rights.
N-oble doctor with traned mind;
T-hy cultnre for thy race employ;
I-ndependence for it find;
S-o all can live in peace and joy.
T-hy race's freedom vindicate,
 or help to build a Negro state.

Roberta

Canst thou, nature, in thy gallery
A more lovely statue show?

Holdest thou a finer picture,
In thy great portfolio?

Bright Aurora in her splendor;
Clad in robes of golden hue,
Never made a fairer portrait,
On the oriental blue.

The moon, her silvery mantle
spreading,

Over castles, lakes, and towers,
Is outvalued in grace, and beauty,
By Roberta among the flowers.

Blossoms held a coronation,
Graced her with a queenly crown:
Now they celebrate her triumph,
When the spring-time rolls around

Roses pay her special homage:
Fill her days with odors sweet;
Sprinkle soft, and dainty petals,
For a carpet under her feet.

Graceful, tall and stately lilies,
'Mid the darling floral bowers:
Pore their sweets from golden calyx
On Roberta among the flowers:
Was there ever traced in colors,
A face that beamed celestial fire;
On the white, and perly canvass,
Future ages to admire?

Can the crafty chisel earve,
From a block of marble cold,
Such a rare, and stately Goddess,
With a faultless heart, and soul?

Bert has more than brush or chisel,
Or engravers can impart;
For, to her peerless beauty,
There is linked a perfect heart.



Clarabell

L-ike the fairest rose in May,
I-s the one of whom I write:
L-ike it she is sweet, and gay:
L-ike it she is our delight.
I-n loveliness she's like a pink:
A-ll eyes with joy her face behold:
N-oble picture that can think;
C-rystal, dearer far than gold.
L-ithe, and slender little belle;
A-ll people now may thee admire;
R-eally, wouldst thou long do well;
A-good education acquire.
B-eauty that is joined to worth,
E-nlightened mind, and heart pure;
L-endeth the wayword ones of earth
H-opes of heaven's joys sure.
I-n school make ample preparation
N-ever fading honors to gain:
E-qual the brightest in the nation
S-oar to a higher plane,

Sweetheart

If-blossoms should forget to smile,
You-the eye do so beguile;
Want-to win your love do all:
A-world of people, great, and small.
Lover-true and Cupid's sage,
Write-of you on many a page.
Me,-if you'd claim for your friend
Dear,-you must them from you
send.



Why Can't I Forget

Why can't I forget you dear Lily?
Why yearns so hungrily for you my heart?
Three long weary years have gon by dear;
Since you, and I reluctantly did part.

Why can't I forget those chocolate demple;
Those laughing, brown eyes, filled with life
and fire;

That pretty little facr, and perfect figure,
That I so very greatly do admire.

Why can't I forget your silken tresses;
Adorned with jewels like a diamond crown
Your graceful head, as stately as a Goddess;
Your pretty neck, and sholders hazel brown

Why can't I forget your soft, sweet voice:
That lulls my soul in its enchanting spell
The thought of its intoxicating sweetness,
Still within my memory does dwell.

Why cant I forget your cheerful laughter?
You tented Goddess of the autum season:
Lithsome figure, with its graceful poise:
Bronze statue that can smile, think, and
reason.

Why can't I forget your stately mansion,
That sits among the trees upon the hill;
And all the lovely violets, and the dasies,
That you, and I have gathered by the rill.

Why can't I forget the songs, and music,
That I've often heard you sing, and play;
All about your home, and in your parlor,
Many a, many a, many a happy day.

Why can't I forget your dear, sweet letters
I often read those missives over with care:
When, though hills, and planes dous divide
It seems to me that you are by my side.

Manliness

Do you want to be a man ?
Well then, why ofcourse you can.
You must not live on pie, and cake:
You must not dress out all you make:
You must not go in every show:
Nor on all excursions go.
You must not drink from whisky cup:
Your health, and reputation up.
You must not mate with lude females:
And hear their vulgar songs, and tales:
Seek for wealth, and education;
Instead of ease, and recreation.
In all elections, go, and vote:
Be men of honor, worth, and note.
You pay your taxes every year;
In government you own a share.
You are neither dogs nor cattle,
So for your rights stand up, and battle:
Battle like brave, and fearless men;
Thus, an equal chance you'll win.
Then the Negro's cole black face,
Will be an ornament of grace.
When we, self-government acquire;
All men will the race admire:
Respect us as their dark-skin brothers,
The same as they honor the others.
If you fail here, with tongue, and pen,
Your equal rights to win;
Don't give up like coward slaves;
But, leave, like pioneers brave.
Build you a splendid Negro state;
You'll soon be powerful, and great.



The Druggest

To help make the laws, and rule,
Is my highest aspiration:
I'll here, help make laws, and rule;
Or leave, and build us a nation,
Then, I shall be a pharmacist:
And own a big drug store:
With gold labeled bottles,
From ceiling to the floor.
A splendid soda fountain;
With flashing mirrors bright;
Like a ferry palac,
In the brilliant light.
Shall monufacture medicine,
And fill prescriptions too;
Every day in the year,
I'll have something to do.
Pretty colored ladies,
My fountain drinks will sell:
I want you all to know,
My drug-store will be swell.

The Musician

I shall be a champion,
Of colored women's rights:
We'll help make the laws, and rule;
Or move out from the whites.
Then I'll be a musician,
Sweet music sing, and play;
Shall entertain my audience;
Make them cheerful, and gay.
Will give to the oppressed ones,
High aims, and aspirations;
Will move them to establish,
A splendid colored nation.
It will be said of me some day;
"That brilliant colored girl,
The sweetest melodies do play
Of any in the world.

The Doctor

To live here,disfranchised as slaves:
Is a thing I cannot stand:
Shall have a voice in government,
Or build a black republic grand.
Then,I'll learn to be a doctor:
Go about,and write prescriptions;
With my skill in medicine;
Cure ills of all descriptions.
When,aching,between life,and death,
Linger my many patients,ill;
For health,I will turn the scale,
With a sugar coated pill.
Shall ride in an automobile:
Live in a stately palace;
Have a heavy bank-account;
Then,I'll marry Alice.

The Barrister

In law-making,and government,
I'll win for us an equal share:
Or to a state of our own,
We'll all emigrate from here.
Then I'll learn to be a lawyer:
And read the largest kind of books;
Get up in the courts,and plead,
Against the frauds,and crooks.
Sitting in my fine office,
The latest news,I'll read:
And lend money on interest,
To those who are in need.
Shall run for governor of the state;
Defend the people's sacred cause;
See that their rights are protected,
By fair,and impartial laws.

Genius

William made a red silk kite;
With a long, blue silk tail:
A cord of twisted cotton white;
You ought to have seen it sail.
Like an eagle in the sky,
Above the steeples tall:
That red kite would mount, and fly;
And it would never fall.
Every one who saw that kite,
Loved little William Brown:
It was such a pretty sight,
Sailing over the town.
A dreadful storm came up one day,
And frightened many people:
Blew William's red silk kite away,
Against a tall church steeple.
The steeple caught its blue silk tail,
And held it in such manner,
From it that kite still does sail,
Like a little red silk banner.
William is a brown skin chap,
Only fourteen years of age,
Since he was in his mother's lap:
They've called him little sage.
William learns his lesson well,
Always obeys the rule;
In every game, he does excell,
All the boys in school.
He has made an air-plane,
Toy pistols, swords, and guns:
Has made a small automobile;
And a toy train that runs.
Both white, and colored people say,
That little William Brown,
If he keeps own, will be some day,
The greatest man in town.

The Statesman

I shall study government;
And be a noble statesman great:
Help to make the laws, and rule,
Our nation, and our state.
Will, as a congressman reward,
All the people's sacred trust;
By making for their betterment,
Laws that are wise, fair, and just.
You colored people follow me;
Don't mind the color of your skin;
Let us be brave, and not give up;
And we will self-government win.
Besides, there is a God, you know;
The great father of truth, and light,
To give us success when we try,
To achieve that which is right.
Black people, did you ever try,
To be elected magistrate;
Or to make the laws, and rule,
Your nation, and your state?
Shame on you, if you have not:
From brave men go hide your faces:
Not to help to rule yourselves,
Is the deepest of disgraces.
Father, if you will vote for me;
And you, my uncles, and my brothers
I will make public speeches then,
And win the votes of many others.
I will give you all my word,
That, as soon as I'm elected,
I'll see that colored citizens,
Are in their rights protected.
I'm determined to break up,
Disfranchising, and segregation:
And to stop lynching of Negroes,
In every part of our nation.
You must wake up, and get busy;
Don't hang your heads, and die:
You can help rule your nation if,
You all stand up, and bravely try.

The Boy

STEAM-BOAT BUILDER

I built a little schooner,
And sailed it on the lake;
When I'm grown a steam-boat,
I intend to make.

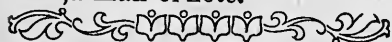
Shall hire colored people;
In making up my crew;
It may be dear school-mates,
I'll hire some of you.

Will carry goods, and people,
To every state, and nation;
All it takes to do it.

Is money, and education.
I shall study hard in school;
Until I graduate;
Then, I'll work for money,
Both early, and late.

Shall not squander it either,
On fine suits, shirts, and collars;
But, shall live on little,
And lay aside the dollars.

Thus I'll have plenty of gold,
To build my big steam-boat:
Be some service to my race,
And, a man of note.



Learn some trade, or business:
Something in great demand;
Be trying to accomplish,
something for which to stand:
Get a never dying name;
Something the world will claim



The Boy

RAILROAD BUILDER

A train I made, that ran down grade,
Without coal, or water:
I met a boy who liked the toy;
And sold it for a quarter.

When I'm grown, a man of my own,
I'll start an association,
With the colored business men;
With them all I will begin,
A railroad corporation.

Will have freight, and passenger trains,
Dashing over the hills, and planes:
Connecting cities fine:
Pullman palace cars will fly:
Delighting many a Negro's eye;
Along our railroad line.

We'll have colored engineers;
Colored section overseers;
Black conductors, fares to collect
You'll be comfortably seated,
In cars nicely heated,
And treated with respect.

If you boys all follow me;
Industrious, and saving be;
Get wealth, and education;
'Twill not be many years.
'Til we can sell the shares,
In our railroad corporation.

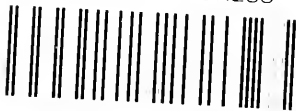








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